

No. 50

# MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1887.

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43 ESSEX STREET, LONDON.

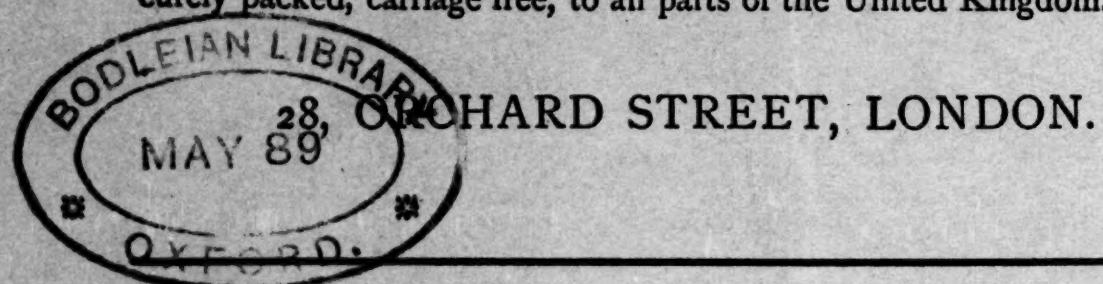
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## PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of further carrying on the profitable development of Freehold Land at Ascot and Sunningdale, which has been commenced by the Ascot and Sunningdale Estate Company, Limited.

This Company (hereinafter referred to as the Old Company) was first incorporated under the above Acts in December, 1883, for the purpose of acquiring a freehold property at Ascot, and other purposes, set forth in its Memorandum of Association, and was constituted as a Private Limited Company, with a Subscribed Capital of £3,000, the shares being held by the original proprietor of the property and his friends. It was, however, from the outset contemplated that the old Company should in due course be placed upon a wider basis as a Public Company, and in the opinion of the Directors the time has now arrived when this can be done with advantage to all parties interested, and consequently the new Company above named has been formed, to take over the undertaking of the old Company, the latter being wound up voluntarily.

The larger property now to be acquired for this purpose embraces an area of about 50 acres, and includes that which has been operated on by the smaller Company, together with the buildings already erected thereon.

The Directors are strongly of opinion that, seeing the great attractiveness of this property, both as to sites and salubrity, which has been so clearly proved by the demand for houses existing during the last two or three years, the time has arrived for the safe and profitable development of the whole of the estate to meet the demand which has arisen.

The Shares of the Company, of which there is but one class, are likely to prove a most profitable investment. They are entitled to the whole of the net profits, after paying interest upon Debentures which have been created as a first charge upon the Property of the Company. The placing of so large a portion of the necessary Capital in Debentures has enabled the Company to keep the amount of Share Capital within the narrowest limits, with a view to the payment of the largest possible Dividends to the Shareholders.

It may be useful to state, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the neighbourhood, that it is probably one of the most interesting and picturesque, within a similar distance from London, and that it possesses peculiar advantages as a place of residence.

The Property was formerly a portion of the Royal Demesne appertaining to Windsor Castle.

On the North, within an easy distance, is Windsor Great Park ; off the East and South lies Swinley Forest ; and on the West is Ascot Race course. Virginia Water is within an easy walk ; and Bagshot, Windsor, Eton, Aldershot, Sandhurst, and Wellington College, are all within a moderate drive.

There is good Railway communication with London by the South Western Railway, from either Ascot or Sunningdale Stations, the former of which is about ten minutes' walk, and the latter only a mile and a half distant. From both these Stations trains run to Waterloo, and thence to Cannon-street, Charing Cross, and London Bridge. From Virginia Water, which is only two and a half miles distant, the trains run into the Main Line at Weybridge. At Richmond and Clapham they join the Metropolitan Lines.

The healthiness of the Locality is another of its attractions, and the neighbourhood is well-known as a health resort (*vide* extract from *Lancet* annexed hereto).

The soil is sand and gravel. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful, consisting as it does mainly of Heath and Pine-Grove.

The supply of water is practically unlimited, and of excellent quality. At Sunninghill there is a Chalybeate Spa, celebrated for its medicinal properties.

The Queen's Staghounds, Mr. Garth's, and Mr. Hargreaves's Foxhounds, Sir Robert Harvey's Harriers, and the Windsor Garrison and the Staff College Staghounds, are all within reach.

In the immediate vicinity is the Parish Church at Sunninghill, and a Catholic Church and Convent have recently been erected upon the Estate.

Arrangements have also been made for the settlement upon the property of the Franciscan Fathers who will forthwith commence to build their Monastery, to be followed immediately afterwards by the erection of a Church.

It may be mentioned that the Jockey Club have established a Cricket Club in the locality, with the use of the Race Course and of the Grand Stand for members and visitors.

The class of residents which has been brought into the locality by reason of the proximity to the Court at Windsor, and by the other natural attractions enumerated above, has caused the neighbourhood to be looked upon as one of peculiar and fashionable attraction.

It is, in fact, difficult to over-estimate the claims and advantages of this favoured and select locality. The undulating beauty of its woodland scenery, broken by cultivated lands and primitive Heaths ; the varied Drives, in-

cluding the renowned Windsor and Swinley Forests, Virginia Water, and the vast expanse of Bagshot Heath and Chobham Common ; the facilities of Railway communication ; and above all, the extraordinary salubrity of the air and soil, all contribute to render the property most desirable as a place of residence.

With reference to the sales and letting of the residences, the Company feels confident that, having regard to the demand which exists, and which for many years has been upon the increase for houses in this locality, with proper prudence and by not over-building, and by special care to the accommodation given to the houses, and other arrangements, they will, judging from past experience, have no difficulty in disposing of their property.

The company has houses of various sizes ready for occupation, views of some of which are given upon the enclosed sheets, and is prepared to receive orders for the erection of houses of any size, and with special arrangements to suit intending occupiers, upon sites to be chosen by the latter, with land attached of from half an acre to five acres in extent. Houses may be leased, or purchased, or leased with option of purchase, at a stated sum. Plans for further houses contemplated by the Company, which could be modified to suit intending lessees or purchasers, can be seen at the Offices, and also plans of houses already erected.

The experience acquired by the old Company since they commenced operations, and the arrangements which have been made, enable the new Company to build at a very low cost, and without any sacrifice of stability of construction, architectural beauty, or sanitary completeness.

This Contract, together with Copies of the Articles of Association, may be seen at the Office of the Solicitors, Messrs. BLOUNT, LYNCH, and PETRE, Fitzalan House, Arundel-street, Strand, W.C., or Messrs. WARD, MILLS, WITHAM, and LAMBERT, 1, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

The above Contract is the only Contract entered into by or on behalf of the New Company, and, accordingly, applicants shall be deemed to waive any further compliance with Sec. 38 of the Companies' Act 1867, notwithstanding the existence of Contracts made by the old Company, and the vendor and other persons interested therein.

Applications for Purchase or Lease of Houses, or for Shares, and for any other information, should be addressed to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company as above.

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CLARE, LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

# MERRY ENGLAND

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JUNE, 1887

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Clare, Lady Howard of Glossop.\*

THERE is nothing more melancholy than the view which the world teaches its votaries to take of death. It tells them that the one evil to be shunned in this life is death ; that the very thought of it is enough to paralyse action, to mar pleasure, to destroy happiness. So appalling to the world is the thought of death, that, by one of those unwritten laws which regulate society, it has ruled it to be a breach of etiquette even to mention so painful a subject in its august presence. Accordingly, brethren, as the children of the world are not allowed to speak of death, they learn not to think of death, and, therefore, when the evil day comes, they are not prepared for it. They fall a prey to death, whom they have made a tyrant, not a friend : and are dragged away from this shifting scene by the strong arm of a power, hopeless, remorseless, inexorable.

\* A discourse preached on the Sunday after the funeral of Clare Louisa, Baroness Howard, at Hadfield, on April 24, 1887, by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., who chose for his text : "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope ; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him. . . . Therefore, comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. iv. 12, 13, 17.

Oh! what a strange, what a shallow and false friend is this World, to which the votaries of pleasure yield themselves with so little reserve! A hollow, worthless friend is this world: for then, just then, when friendship is most needed, when sickness, suffering, and sorrow lay hold of the aching heart, the world has no message of consolation to offer, no ray of hope to fling into the utter darkness of the despair. All it can then do is silently to take the mourner by the hand, and lead him forth to watch the sad procession, as slowly it moves its trailing length between the lines of the gaping throng. The best words it can put into his lips will be some such hopeless cry as this: "The mallows and the sweet herbs, when they die, spring, with the revolving year, into life once more; but upon thy sweet face, dear departed one, I shall never look again."

What a comfort, then, is it, on an occasion such as the present, to feel that we are not the children of the world, but the children of God's Church; the brethren of "the first-born among many brethren"—Christ Jesus. What a strong contrast is presented, when we compare the view which the world takes of death with that which He, by St. Paul, has taught us to take of it. What does the inspired Word say? "We will not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him."

Death, then, for the body, we are to consider as its night of rest. For the soul, what is it but its day of birth? Let me here remind you, brethren, how our Lord implies this grand truth in the answer which He made to the young man who besought Him, saying: "Good Master, what good shall I do that I might have life everlasting?" Our Lord's characteristic answer was this: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."

Observe, brethren, the Good Master did not say: "If thou wilt

possess eternal life," but "if thou wilt enter into life." By which words He seems to teach us that, compared with the life to come, our present life is scarcely deserving the name of life at all. In fact, our Lord makes so little of length of days in this exile of life, that He never so much as promises, in reward for good and generous deeds, a long life here. On the contrary, He pronounces a blessing on him who shall lose his life in this world, to possess it in the next. And He warns us not to fear them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do !

Why, indeed, should we make much of a life which is rather a lingering death than any existence worthy the ambition of a citizen of heaven? So poorly did our Lord think of it, that He came on purpose to purchase for us, by His own death, a fuller and a nobler life. "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly."

What the world, then, calls death, is but the process by which the soul of man—that immortal spirit endowed with the three-fold power of knowing, loving, and doing—passes from its first imperfect state to live an untrammelled and unbounded life in the Bosom of God.

Death is, for the soul, as the Church sings, its "Dies natalis"—its birthday—

" No, no, we cannot die.  
In Death's unrobing room, we strip from round us  
The garments of mortality and earth,  
And breaking from the embryo state that bound us,  
Our day of dying is our day of birth."

Accordingly, when the soul quits this mortal frame, when it passes from the muddy vesture of decay which had for a longer or a shorter time entangled it within its folds, it flies like a bird freed from its cage straight to its nest in the Bosom of God.

There, not here, is its native home—its true place of peace and rest. A bird may alight on many a perch ; it has but one nest.

Man may find many halting places on his way from earth to home, but he, too, possesses but one nest, and that is in the Bosom of God. There he can really live—for there “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow, shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.”

No matter, then, how gloomy the view which the world may take of death, our Lord’s view of it, the eternally true, is full of hope and immortality.

*Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.*

Precious, most precious, in the sight of the Lord, is the death of the just.

And now, brethren, having put before you the consoling picture drawn by our Lord of death, in its relation to the soul, bear with me for a moment longer, while I recall to your memories what our Lord and Teacher has assured us about death in its relation to the body. Uniformly, Jesus Christ speaks of death, in relation to the body, as a sleep. If, for the soul, death is its day of birth, for the body it is its night of sleep. Listen, and be satisfied. When the ruler of the synagogue sought Jesus on the lake, and besought Him to come and lay His sacred hand upon his little daughter, whom death had snatched away from him, did not Jesus reply : “ The maid is not dead but sleepeth ? ”

Again, when the brother of Martha and Mary had died, and was already buried, did He not turn to His disciples and declare: “ Lazarus our friend sleepeth ? ”

And did not the Master always and everywhere, as the occasion presented itself, teach His disciples to look upon death in its relation to the body as the rest of sleep ?

And if, during those three years when they were with Him, the disciples found it difficult to throw off their old cheerless views of death, yet after our Lord’s own death were they not careful, like Him who was gone from them, always and everywhere to speak of death as sleep ? Nay, writing of the very day on which

our Lord expired on the cross, St. Matthew records "that the graves were opened, and many bodies of the Saints that *slept* arose."

And of our Lord's body, which rose again after lying in the sepulchre for part of three days, the Apostle St. Paul speaks as the first fruits of them that *slept*. Why, brethren, even when writing about the death of the deacon St. Stephen, who fell under the pelting storm of stones, the apostles tell us that he fell asleep in the Lord. Nor was this view of death in relation to the body, taught as it was by our Divine Master to His immediate friends and followers, confined in early Christian times to the successors of the apostles, and the saints of the Church. It was co-extensive with the Church itself, and entered into all its teaching. For, even as it passed into a practice with Christian writers to refer to the death of any of the just, as his or her "dies natalis" or birthday, so it became the custom of Christian mourners to inscribe on the tombstones of their dead *obdormit in Domino*, "asleep in the Lord."

"No longer must the mourner weep,  
Nor call departed Christians dead ;  
For death is hallowed into sleep,  
And every grave becomes a bed.

It is not exile ; rest on high :  
It is not sadness ; peace from strife !  
To fall asleep is not to die,  
To dwell with Christ is better life."

Beloved brethren, after putting aside the world's view of death, and turning to the Christian aspect of death, it is not surprising that the sympathetic apostle should call to us "not to be sorrowful, even as those who have no hope ; if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him." And he concludes this

beautiful passage with the exhortation : "Therefore comfort one another with these words."

It is this advice of the apostle that I have been attempting to carry out. This is a trying hour for each and all of us who are met in this hallowed spot to-day. We stand sorely in need of all the comfort that our holy religion has to offer us. We "labour, and are heavily burdened" to-day. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that as our eyes turn towards yonder tomb, where sleep the mortal remains of her whose immortal spirit so lately winged its flight to the Judgment Seat of God, we cannot but feel that we have lost a true and faithful, nay, a most loyal friend ; one whom we can ill spare, one whose absence will long be keenly felt by young and old, rich and poor, relative and friend, priest and people.

Clare Louisa Fitzalan Howard, the loving and beloved wife of the present Baron of Glossop : God, her Father, Who three and thirty years ago breathed into the frail temple of her body the spirit of life, and made her a living soul, has called back to Himself this same immortal spirit. He has Himself asked it to give to Him, its Friend and Father, the exact account of the things it did whilst it dwelt on earth in its temple, the body. Her spirit is at this moment in possession of the fuller life, while her body lies there in the stillness and repose of sleep. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

The question, doubtless, which keeps rising instinctively before the minds of most of us is this : Why has our gracious, kind, and loving Father called her away from her home, snatched her away from her broken-hearted husband in the flower of her age, whilst the bloom was still mantling on her cheek, and life, like a bounding river, was coursing through her veins ? Brethren, why did God, Whose care and thought and love of us is such that, as He has assured us, even if a mother could forget her child, yet never can He be unmindful of us : why, I ask, has He put this daughter of Eve to sleep while she had as yet scarcely passed the morning

of her day of life, and eventide had flung none of its lengthening shadows over the warmth of her heart and the sunshine of her smile? Why has that voice, which was music to so many hearts, been stilled with the stillness of sleep?

Beloved brethren, I do not pretend to be able to offer any explanation of the ways of God. What St. Paul calls "the mystery of God's will" is not to be solved by His children at this present time. Has He not Himself told us: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter?" Yes, hereafter we shall know; but at present, like most dear children of the Father of mercies, we must be satisfied with the knowledge that "omnia bene fecit," He has done all things well; that His adorable will has been done, and that we cannot improve upon the will of God. But you may continue to ask further: "Why has God taken her from a sphere of so much usefulness from a position she had learned so well to fill, in the midst of so much that she was doing for Him?"

Brethren, this question suggests another. Why did the Eternal Father call away His only and beloved Son in the midst of His days, when the disciples so much needed His presence, when His works seemed to require in an especial way His visible presence, and His audible word?

Observe well, my brethren, at the same time of life, at the same season of the year has Clare Louisa Howard been laid to sleep, as was Christ Jesus Himself, Who is the "first-fruits of them that sleep."

The best hour of the passing day of life to fall asleep is the time ordained by God; and the best place to fall asleep is in the lap of God; and the best spot in which to be laid to rest is where now her body reposes, near to Jesus, who from behind the door of that little tabernacle can look out upon her, and wake her when He will.

Beloved brethren, we must remember that as Christians it is our duty to look upon all passing events, even when they try

us, in the light of faith. And we shall do well to bear in mind that from God's point of view "venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years," but a "spotless life," in the sight of God "is old age."

Accordingly, the wise man, speaking of the death of the just, well says that "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time, and he was taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. For the bewitching of vanity obscureth good things. But the people see this, and understand not, nor lay up such things in their heart."

I grant you, it is difficult to understand: for God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts not our thoughts. Yet this we can and ought to understand, that God does all for the best; and we may be sure, that being a loving Father He takes His children not at their worst, but at their best. He has called away from our midst her over whom now we mourn, at the early age of three and thirty years. He might have sent the summons earlier, but He waited till He had offered her opportunities for doing that for her soul, which was to try the bravery of her heart, and the loyalty of her mind, and the fine temper of her conscience. I will not speak of her in a spirit of panegyric, but I will tell you simply that which I myself do know, and what my own personal observation and knowledge of her entitle me to say. Well, brethren, some five years ago she became a Catholic—what does that imply? It implies that not only she heard the voice of God speaking to her, and listened to that voice, but that she obeyed it. It requires a stout heart, a brave and generous nature, to break from old associations, to give up the cherished traditions of a life, to tear away from the heart all the ties which during the course of years fasten it down to many interests and many works. But most of all it requires a strong sense of duty, and a fine spirit of fidelity and loyalty to God to take an irrevocable step and make the brave venture of faith, the motives for which are sure to be misunderstood, and, con-

sequently, to be misinterpreted ; an irrevocable step which cannot but give pain to those near and dear, to whom the thought of giving pain is an unutterable agony to a refined nature. Yet, because she knew she must obey God rather than man, she resolved to act, she put herself under instruction, and, through all difficulties and obstacles, she soon became a Catholic.

If she knew she was the occasion of pain to others, she had at least the consolation of feeling that, had God given to these her friends that superabundant light and grace which had been poured upon her, they, too, out of loyalty to God, would have done as now she was resolved to do. Loyalty to God, with a consequent desire to promote His interests, was, I may say, the ruling principle of Clare Louisa Howard's life. How pleasant it is to call to mind the many indications she was wont unstudiedly to give of her keen interest in the spiritual progress of those about her. Well I remember how solicitous she was that the first feast of Corpus Christi which she was to spend at her new home, Glossop Hall, should be signalised by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the gardens around her home. It did her soul good, so she said, to see the lively faith evinced by the devotion of the congregation. She felt that our Lord was pleased to move among His people, and bless by His adorable presence even those who had not the privilege of the Faith. "It is a great thing," she said, "even to get them within measureable distance of the Blessed Sacrament." Then in the winter, how intent she was upon a mission being given at the Church of all Saints, Glossop. It was my privilege to give that mission ; but so great was the concourse of people that two other Fathers had to be called in to help on the work. It was a season of grace, and God was in the midst of His people. Oh, my Brethren, it was with tears in her eyes that often during those eventful ten days, she spoke to me in rapturous terms of all she saw and heard. At every service, morning, noon, and night, though far from strong, or equal to the exertion, she was to be

seen beside her husband drinking in the word of God, praying for a blessing on her own soul, and upon all taking part in that mission. How she regretted the day when it was all brought to a close, and how she longed for the time when the mission might be repeated for the good of her own and her neighbour's soul.

Not only did she drink in the teaching of holy Church, but she loved to live in harmony with the spirit of its seasons of devotion. It was only at the beginning of last Lent that she wrote begging of me to suggest some work on the Sacred Passion which might keep her soul attuned to the language of the ritual which she followed in her well-used Breviary ; and it was day by day that she read, in that southern clime, whither she had gone for the benefit of her health, portions of Palma's work on the Sacred Passion. Silently, but thoroughly, our Lord was preparing her soul for Sunday morning, of the 17th of April, when there was sent a thrill of sorrow through the hearts of those who knew and admired her. No one can love God and neglect His poor, or His little ones, the children of the poor. "Whatsoever you do to the least of these my little ones, you do it to Me," says our Lord. Clare Louisa Howard heard this word and kept it. In Scotland, in Yorkshire, as well as at Glossop and elsewhere, her practical interest in the progress and material help in the support of Catholic education will not be forgotten, as it will not go unrewarded by God, who never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity.

It was not alone the poor and the children of the poor who had a share in her heart, and a share in her thought, and her prayer. For all among whom she came in contact, she had that special charm which comes from a sympathetic and winning disposition. To many will now come back words of advice, which were full of common sense, prudence, and discretion. Yes, she was eminently practical, and her words and work were such as might be fittingly applied to the ideal woman of holy writ : brethren, her's was a warm and a sunny nature, and she brought the warmth and light of sunshine into every household where she was a guest.

But it was in her own home where she ordered all things duly and made you feel she was to her husband the queen of his heart, and the mistress of his home, that her sunny nature shone most brightly and sweetly. It is, as you know, the woman, wife, and mother who constitute home.

Is it too much to say that she had all the tact of a woman, all the love of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother? But she was more than this, she was a true friend, she never forgot her friends; and to her friends she loved to speak of her family, of that mother, whose heart has been so often bowed down by sorrow, and of those brothers in whom she saw so much to be proud of, and so much of which to speak to others in admiration. It was a fine trait in her character, and one which often I had occasion to admire, that she was ingenious in making excuses for the failings or the shortcomings of others. But while she made excuses for others, she had none to make for the real or imagined faults in her own soul. More than once I have seen hot tears of sorrow and contrition stream from her eyes as she has pressed the crucifix to her lips and begged the Crucified to forgive and forget the past, and to keep her soul unspotted from the world. It is a grand thing to have the grace to recognise our faults. There is nothing that pleases our God better than the sight of His child, bowed before Him, and asking forgiveness of sin, through the merits of the Passion of His Son. How can God, "whose property is always to have mercy, and to spare," how can He withstand the pleadings of a heart all broken with sorrow? "He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust," so that when we throw ourselves upon Him, He cannot withdraw, says S. Augustin, to let us fall. He then folds us in His embrace, and gives us the kiss of peace—and all is well.

Dear brethren, in my feeble way I have tried to point out to you how God and His interests, her husband and his interests were the ruling principles of Clare Louisa Fitzalan Howard's married life. More I might say, but already you have heard

more than sufficient not to be sorrowful even as others who have no hope. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, will God bring with Him."

Where now is her immortal spirit? Is it with God in the land of perpetual peace and sunshine, or are the purging fires trying and cleansing her soul, like gold to which some dross still does cling? In which of these two realms she now is, we know not. But we believe that if she is not in the land of home and rest, our fervent prayers will soon speed her on her way thither. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought," says the Spirit of Love, "to pray for the dead." It is our duty to be mindful of this word, and it must be our practice daily to send up prayer to the Throne of Grace for her dear soul, that she may find in us her ready helpers and her friends, in case she stands in need of our seasonable aid. And who so bold as to dare to say that anyone passing from the scene of strife and battle escapes without a blemish or a wound? "A friend is one who loveth at all times," but most of all when the suffering soul stretches forth her hands, and cries from the King's prison-house: "Have pity on me! have pity on me! at least you, my friends." We, at least, shall ever be mindful of her in our prayers at the altar and elsewhere.

Nor can you afford to forget another who so lately went before her—her cousin—Flora, Duchess of Norfolk. She too has been called away from amid the pomp and glitter of this world, at the same age and same season of the year.

The two youthful cousins may have met at the Golden Gates or perhaps in the King's House of Detention, and now are keenly, eagerly, most longingly awaiting the hour and the moment when their Guardian Angels, those ministers of God, will lead them hence to the City of perfect beauty where they may "live within the light of God, and lean upon His breast, and the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

While we pray for their most precious souls, let us not forget the two widowers left behind in this land, now to them worse than an exile, and a vale of tears—a veritable purgatory.\* “A furnace of living pain !”

We will look up and ask our Father, God, through the merits of Jesus, and the sorrows of Mary to look in pity on them, and to give them what we are powerless to offer—the spirit of patience, peace, and generous resignation to His will which they have ever prayed may be done on earth as it is in Heaven. He, I know, will bear them both up on the wings of Faith and Hope, He will fling abroad in their hearts a stouter and a mightier love, enabling them to “endure the cross” for His sweet sake. He will teach them that truest nobility consists in braving all for Him, in daring all for Him, in bearing all for Him. “For as gold is tried in the fire, so hearts must be tried by pain ! soon the fever and the fret of life will be done, the course will be run, and then the mystery of God’s will ” will be solved ; you shall be at rest.

Oh ! mourners, soon is ended the journey you’ve begun :  
Endure a little longer, the race will soon be won !

And in the land of rest,  
In yonder bright, eternal home  
Where all the Father’s loved ones come,  
You shall be safe and blest.

\* This discourse was given in presence of the two widowers referred to.

## What Doctor Marks Died of.

SOMEONE at our camp-fire had chanced to mention Dr. Marks, which called forth the comment that the doctor had died of heart-disease—been found dead in his bed.

Major Arnold lifted his dark, bright eyes, from dreaming over the coals, and looked steadily at the last speaker. “Died of heart-disease?” he repeated, with a slightly sceptical inflection.

“Yes, sir!”—very positively.

The major looked into the fire again, and thoughtfully thridded his beard through his fingers, while he appeared to weigh the pros and cons of some impulse in his mind. The pros tilted the beam, and the major spoke. But he first drew his hand down across his eyes, and swept away, with that pass, the present scene of myriad tents, ghostly-white in the moonlight, or shining crimson in the light of scattered fires; of closely-crowding, shadow-haunted southern crags and forests that lifted themselves from our feet to the horizon, their black and ragged rim standing boldly out against a sky that was flooded with the mellow radiance of the full moon, all its stars and all its purple swamped in that silent and melancholy tide.

“Poor Anne Atherton!” I had not thought that our rough major could speak so softly. “I had been going to the door every day, for weeks, to ask how she was, hoping in spite of the doctors. But one morning, when I reached the steps, I saw a strip of crape tied round the bell-knob. No need of questions that day. Poor little Anne was gone!

“I call her little; but she was eighteen, and well-grown. It is only a fond way of intimating that she crept into all our hearts.

People liked her for her honest beauty, her ready smile, and her cheerful voice. Anne was not one of your bilious-sublime sort, but a strong, sweet, sensible girl, with an apple-blossom complexion and a clear conscience. Her family were old friends of mine, and Anne was engaged and about to be married to my particular crony—John Sharon—one of the best fellows that ever trod shoe-leather. Poor John! My heart ached for him as I went down town that day.

“There’s a little Scottish poem that reminded me, the first time I read it, of John Sharon’s loves and hates:—

‘ Tweed said to Till,  
“ What gars ye rin sae still ? ”  
Till said to Tweed,  
“ Though ye rin wi’ speed.  
And I rin slaw,  
Whar ye droon ae man,  
I droon twa.” ’

“The current of John’s feelings was like the current of Till river.

“That evening I went up to the house with my arms full of white flowers. Minnie Atherton wanted me to go in to see her sister; but I hesitated. I had always disliked to look at a corpse, and I hated to lose from my mind the picture it held of that rosy-cheeked girl, and take in its place ever so fair an image of death.

“‘She looks very peaceful,’ Minnie said, tearfully, seeing my unwillingness. ‘And you may be able to comfort John. We can’t get him away from her.’

“I never was much at comforting people. All that I know how to say to a crying woman is, ‘Now, don’t, my dear!’ and to a crying man I couldn’t utter a word. Since then I have marched up to a battery with less shaking of the nerves than I felt on that day when I went into the darkened room where

Anne Atherton lay dead, and John Sharon sat looking at her. There were no tears in his eyes, there was no trembling in his lip or voice. He looked as though he had so long gazed upon and studied that face of hers that his own had learned the secret of its frozen calm. I could not tell which of the two was whiter.

"How beautiful she was! There was still a faint pink in her lips; but where that marvellous rich colour had bloomed in the cheeks, and a fainter tint in the small ears and rounded chin, there was now only pure white. But that pallor revealed many an exquisite outline which had been unnoticed when her colour dazzled the eyes. Her head was turned aside, with one hand under the check, and her long, fair hair was put back from her face, and lay in shining ripples down her shoulders and back. She wore her bridal dress and veil, some filmy, frosty stuff, that looked as though it might melt, being so near the cluster of candles that burned at her head. There was no light in the room but from those candles.

"Minnie scattered my flowers over her sister's hair and dress. 'I am glad you brought tuberoses,' she said; 'Anne always loved them.'

"A long, slow sigh heaved John Sharon's breast. He carefully took up one of the blossoms and looked it all over—the flower that Anne had loved! Then he laid it tenderly back again. Not all the blooms of earth could, for any other reason, have won a glance from him at that moment; but I know that he has a tuberose engraven as sharply upon his memory as you ever saw any white flower cut upon a tomb stone.

"Presently Minnie left the room, glancing at me as she went. I ventured to lay my hand on John's shoulder. 'I know it, Arnold,' he said quietly. 'You would help me if you could. But there is no help on earth. Don't worry about me. I can't leave while she is above ground. There will be time enough, by and by, for rest.'

"I have no word of consolation to offer," I said.

"But I have a thought that consoles me," he replied, leaning forward with tender passion to lay his hand on hers; "I have not altogether lost her. I shall meet her again, my darling! I shall meet her again!"

"I turned away and left them there hand in hand.

"When I went up the next morning I found John trembling with excitement. 'I have just restrained myself from taking Dr. Marks's life!' he said, his teeth fairly chattering. 'What do you think that the brute dared to propose to me? He wants to make a *post-mortem* examination of Anne! That young form that the hand of man has never touched, to be cut up for the gratification of a mere professional curiosity! I told him to run for his life, or I would strangle him.'

"Telling this, John panted like a man out of breath.

"I tried to soothe him. 'These doctors get used to everything,' I said. 'Marks could have no idea how you feel about it.'

"He wrung his hands, still shivering with loathing of the thought that had been forced on him. 'I can't get over it!' he said. 'I am sorry that he was called in at the consultation. If I had known in season, he should not have come. He is a coarse-grained fellow, who, for the sake of gratifying his curiosity about a disease, would outrage all the decencies of life. 'I believe, Arnold—' here John choked with the words he would have uttered.

"My dear fellow, try to forget it," I said. "He has asked, and you have refused, and there's an end of the matter."

"I don't believe that it is ended," John said, looking at me strangely.

"You don't mean—" I began.

"But he lifted his hand as though he could not bear to have the thought put into words. 'I shall watch her grave every night for a week,' he said. 'Will you watch with me to-night, Arnold?'

"I promised, and we parted.

"Anne Atherton's case was a peculiar one. They had called it quick consumption, for want of a better name. She always persisted in saying that she had swallowed something sharp like a pin, and that it had entered her left lung; but of all her physicians, Doctor Marks was the only one who believed it possible that she might be right. On the strength of this half-agreement he had proposed the examination.

"The South cemetery, just outside the city, used to be the paradise of body-snatchers. It was in a lonesome neighbourhood, and two sides bordered on the open country. Many a grave in that cemetery had given up its dead to the dissecting-knife, while the bereaved ones at home little dreamed that its sacred rest had been disturbed. The Athertons had a lot there, and Anne was buried in it. We covered the new-made grave with evergreens, wreath linked in wreath, the whole sprinkled with white flowers—a pretty counterpane for the fair sleeper below.

"It was five minutes past nine in the evening when I vaulted over the stone wall, and walked down the central avenue. The Atherton lot was not far from the entrance, and instead of a high fence, with gate and lock like the others, it was surrounded only by a low rim of granite. As I approached, I saw the tall, white monument in the centre, and John Sharon leaning against it, and looking down on the wreath-covered mound at his feet. He started when he heard my step, and came to meet me, taking my hand, in a strong, cold clasp.

"'We will sit here,' he said, leading me to a shady nook at the other side of the avenue.

"The place he had selected was a grove of Norway spruces which formed a half-circle, the open side facing the Atherton lot, and not more than two rods distant from it. Thoughtful for my comfort, though indifferent to his own, John had thrown a shawl over the horizontal slab of marble in the centre of this

grave, and on that we seated ourselves. He had brought, too, a little flask of brandy, which he pressed into my hand, but would not taste of himself. It did not come amiss ; for the season was the last of October, and the night chilly, though clear and calm.

"I asked John what he meant to do if the doctor should make his appearance.

"'I shall frighten him,' he said. 'I have my pistol here, and mean to fire it. I couldn't bear to have a fight over her grave.'

"We sat there and awaited in silence, John with his eyes fixed on the mound across the way. The last ray of the setting moon touched with a white lustre its wreaths, and every little ghost of a flower, then slipped up the shaft of marble near by, pointed with a luminous finger to the 'rest in peace,' engraven there, showed name after name, and date after date, stole up the cross at the top, lingered an instant on its summit, then melted into the air. Following its flight with my glance, I saw that the sky was of a pale, transparent gray, with a few large stars in it. Clearly out against this background stood the roofs and spires of that sleeping city that breathed while it slept, and more clearly yet the monuments, and a fine tracery of the bare trees, branch, stem, and twig showing delicate as lace-work, of that nearer city which slept in awful, breathless silence, never stirring for sunrise nor sunset, never starting at any alarm, nor opening its eyes, let who would go by.

"The evening had been calm, but as it grew toward midnight a faint and fitful breeze came now and then, like a sigh, setting that net-work of branches in a shiver, and sweeping the dry leaves about with a low and mournful rustling. The place and time, the silence that was only broken by that weird and spirit-like wind, and yet more, the face of my companion, affected me strongly. John sat leaning slightly forward, his hands clasped on his knees, his gaze fixed on that grave he had come to watch, and as motionless as any stone about us. The frozen look of his face chilled me. I could not see nor hear that he breathed ;

and there was no movement of an eyelid even. I would have spoken to him if I had dared. I longed for some sound which would startle him out of that trance ; but there he sat motionless, apparently lifeless.

"I took a swallow of brandy and tried to occupy my thoughts otherwise. I looked through the interstices of the trees near me and counted grave-stones. Close by were two old sunken graves with slate stones leaning awry at their heads, where lay, or had lain, grandfather and grandmother Sawyer—a later John Anderson and his wife, who had gone, hand in hand, up and down the hill, and now slept thegither at the foot. I say they had lain there ; for, in the fifty odd years since their burial, it was most probable that their dust had left its place beneath those tumble-down slate stones and gone about other business, rising, may be, in grasses and flowers. Not much of the old couple left in their coffins be sure. Perhaps the children had carried the last of them away in violets and mayweed, that very summer. Possibly the birds had pecked them up, in one shape or another.

"Would John Sharon never move ?

"I turned and peered back to where a small white cross stood, looking like a child in its night-gown, with arms extended. I could fancy some dear little frightened thing comimg to me in that lonely place, silent from fear, or only faintly whimpering all of a tremor, poor babe ! till I should reach and clasp it safe. The rustling of the leaves was its little bare feet in them, the sigh of air was its sobbing breath.

"I gave myself a shake. Well, to be sure ! a white marble cross to mark where a child had been buried a year or two before. I remembered having seen, in June, a red-ripe strawberry on that grave, looking as though the little creature's mouth were put up through the sod to be kissed.

"I turned to John Sharon again. He had not stirred. I looked at the grave he watched, and wondered if, with that sted-

fast gaze, he could pierce the sod, as clairvoyants tell, and see Anne lying, cold and lovely, far below, with one hand under her cheek and the other on her breast, and her hair flowing down unbound, never again to float on any breeze, to toss with any light motion of hers, to be twisted about his fingers.

"I turned quickly to touch him, but, as I raised my hand, he started. A sough of air had arisen, faint but far-reaching; the leaves rustled and crept all about the many graves; and through that sound I heard a step.

"John's form became erect, as though stiffened by a galvanic shock, and he sharply turned his head aside to listen. For one moment there was silence again, and then a sound of feet carefully treading down the avenue toward us. I heard the breath shiver through John's teeth, and saw him take something from his breast. Then two men came stealing across our view, their forms, as we sat low, defined against the sky. One was unknown to me, but the other was easy to recognise—Dr. Marks's large, athletic form loomed against the stars. Both men carried spades and the doctor had a sack hanging over his arm. They went directly to the Atherton lot, and, after whispering together for a moment, the smaller man stooped to pull away the wreaths from the grave, and Dr. Marks set his spade to the earth and his foot to the spade.

"'We must make haste,' I heard him say. 'Our time is short.'

"His was shorter than he knew.

"Without looking directly at John, I had seen him come forward with his knee to the ground, and raise his hand level with his eyes, and I was aware of a flicker before his face, as of light on polished metal. There was a faint sound of the spade thrust through loose gravel, and, as he heard it, John started, and cried out as if the thrust had been through his heart. At the same instant a flame leaped out from the gloom wherein we lurked, the silence cracked with a sharp report, and both men dropped their spades and ran.

"John started to his feet, hastened to the grave which he had saved from profanation, and, after having removed from it, with loving care, every sign of disturbance, threw himself upon it, and sobbed as though his heart would break."

The major paused, brushed his hands across his eyes, and gazed a moment longer into the coals, in which he had seemed to read that story. Then he looked up quickly, straightened himself, and became aware again of the southern night, the many tents, and the fire-lighted faces of soldiers listening toward him.

"I had my suspicions," he resumed, in a changed voice, "that John's shot was not so harmless as he had intended it to be ; but I said nothing to him, and when he told me to go home, I went. When I reached the street, I saw two men walking slowly away, one supporting the other. The next day I heard that Dr. Marks was dead. Strangely enough, we were able to keep the knowledge from John. He never left the house, except at night, till after a week, when we joined our regiments ; and since then he has had enough to think of and to do without inquiring after Dr. Marks' health.

"The doctor's family said he died of heart disease ; and I don't blame them for putting the best face they could on the affair. The hearts of most people, when they die, have something the matter with them—they are likely to stop."

M. A. TINCKER.

## The Bede of John.

A N utter drought consumed the land,  
 Dimmed all the golden grain  
 With bitter blight ; quite still did stand  
 The cattle on the plain,  
 Weary with pain.

Then John, the lowly, gazed abroad  
 At noon, with pinched face thin,  
 Upon his field, and sighed “ O ! Lord  
 On two dear souls within  
 Lay not my sin.”

At eve, he took the rugged way  
 Across the sun-dried rill,  
 With pain, to where he knew alway  
 The great Christ hung so still  
 Upon the hill.

He laid his hot brow on the stone,  
 His dizzy brain spun round ;  
 “ Spare but my little field ! ” his moan,  
 Like water on dry ground,  
 Sank without sound.

The blight smote on the field of John  
 Amain ; no cloud stirred in the sky ;  
 His cattle faltered, and fell down ;  
 And there each one did die  
 Beneath his eye.

Anon, for food grew scant, his wife  
 Sickened, and sat alway  
 Staring upon the wall, her life  
 Ebbed like the fading ray  
 Of a spent day.

Thereat he clomb once more the hill,  
 And knelt there, undismayed,  
 Before the great Christ, white and still,  
 "Only her life!" he said,  
 "Her life" he prayed.

Within the house a corpse lay stiff ;  
 His child wept on her knees ;  
 So lightly passed her breath, as if  
 Amid the poplar trees  
 Died out the breeze.

The Crucified was swathed in mist  
 At dawn ; before Him pale  
 He wept, while those pierced Feet he kist  
 "My child ! If all else fail  
 Let *this* avail."

But that sweet maid, his dark home's light,  
 Waxed ever worn and wan ;  
 Till, on the midwatch of a night,  
 Laid in the arms of John,  
 Her breath was gone.

Tearless, the tender body dead  
 In linen white he wound,  
 Set on the breast a lily faint,  
 And laid it 'neath the ground ;  
 Then sank and swound.

With giddy brain, he clomb to where  
Wide armed the white Christ shone,  
His dry lips murmured this one prayer :  
“Behold Thy servant John—  
Thy will be done.”

Sunrise and sunsetting, long years,  
Tending that way his herd,  
That self-same prayer he said with tears ;  
One day he sank, nor stirred—  
His prayer is heard.

At heaven’s door a sad soul waits—  
“Behold Thy servant John !”  
It saith—and lo ! the pearly gates  
Ope the dim dusk upon—  
His will is done.

A. H. DOMENICHETTI.

## Captivity of St. Patrick in Ireland.

COUNTY ANTRIM is at the extreme north east of Ireland. It is distant from the opposite Scottish shore of Wigtonshire about twenty-three miles, and is not more than fifteen miles from the Mull of Cantyre. Between the Irish and Scottish coasts flows the warm gulf stream, which so softens the rigour of the cold, that close to the sea are to be found huge hedges of fuchsias and tall hydrangeas, which have for years remained uninjured during the severest winter. But the eastern coast of Antrim is iron-bound. A range of lofty, often precipitous hills runs close to the sea-coast from south to north. Frequently the cliffs rise steep and perpendicular from the water's edge so that the road which skirts the sea from Larne to Fairhead, runs through galleries cut in the living rock. Yet such is the mildness of the air and the fertility of the soil, where there is any, that the vegetation creeps down to the water's edge. Between the projecting headlands, are little bays of exquisite beauty, and in these, tiny patches of sand have been thrown up by the sea, offering a ready landing place for boats and small vessels. A curious physical feature of the County is that, for the most part, the rivers do not flow eastwards towards the Irish Sea, but westwards and southwards into Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles, being twenty miles in length, and fifteen in breadth. The district is so little frequented by travellers, that a popular author, writing an account of her visit to it, in the autumn of 1886, calls it "An unknown Country." The Giants' Causeway on the northern coast is of course well-known to every reader, but the rest of the County is almost

neglected by travellers. Yet the author, just alluded to, does not hesitate to say, that the coast drive from Larne to Cushendale, is little inferior to the best part of the Riviera, and that the "Glens of Antrim" can be compared not disadvantageously with the grand sombre moorlands of the Scottish Highlands. The hills are for the most part of basalt, resting on a thick substratum of limestone. Their tops have bold, sharp, rugged, and even fantastic shapes ; while in the parts where the sea has beaten for ages on the limestone, vast caves have been hollowed out of the rock, presenting a spectacle most curious and magnificent, of arch and pinnacle, of tower and buttress, in endless variety and combination.

The most ancient writer who gives us any detailed account of Ireland, is the Alexandrian author, Ptolemy, who flourished early in the second century. His chapter on Ireland is little more than a transcript, with corrections, of an older work by Marinus of Tyre, who lived a short time before him ; and this in turn is supposed to have been drawn from an ancient Tyrian Atlas. Ptolemy mentions over fifty names of places in Ireland, but of these, nine only can be identified. These names were probably derived from sailors, whose ships touched at various points on the Irish coasts : they would catch the sounds very inaccurately, and repeat them in such a manner that they would be still further corrupted. Among the places which can be definitely ascertained, the most notable are Bououinda, the Boyne Senos, the Shannon, Nagnatai, Connaught, and Eblana, Dublin. Tacitus, also of the second century, speaks of the Ports of Ireland as being better frequented than those of Britain ; and he describes the inhabitants as being like to those of Britain. Indeed, it is recorded by historians that some of the British tribes, unwilling to submit to the Roman yoke, emigrated to Ireland, and settled there in different parts of the country. Among other places, Waterford, Tipperary, and Kilkenny were colonized by bands of Brigantes from Lancashire and Yorkshire.

(Harris' Ware.) Solinus, a contemporary of the writers just quoted, gives some curious details of the Island, and among others mentions, that no snake is to be found in it. (Solinus, xxii. "Illic nullus anguis.") Solinus is so faithful a copyist of the great work of Pliny, that he is called Pliny's Ape, and he but reproduces the belief common amongst the learned of his time. Ireland is seldom mentioned by writers of the third or fourth centuries, except as the country from which bold and hardy pirates issued forth, to plunder the coasts of Britain and Gaul.

Such was the land into which, in the year 388, the boy Succeth, as St. Patrick was then called, was brought by his captors. Their object was to sell him to the highest bidder, and of course until that was done, it was no part of their policy to treat him ill, and so rob him of any personal advantages he possessed. As they critically surveyed their human prize, they could not but admire the upright, well-knit frame, the easy, elastic yet firm step, and the bold, fearless bearing of the boy, and as he sprang on shore still clad in his Roman toga, they flattered themselves that he would bring a good price. The Chronicles do not tell us where he landed, but probably enough it would be in the pretty little Bay of Glenarm. The beauty of the spot is such that the Earls of Antrim have chosen it for the site of their Castle. Its natural charms might be a matter of little moment to the wild slave-catchers of the fourth century, but even in those remote days it would offer a secure shelter from the raging sea, and a safe landing place for the rude craft then in use. At no great distance dwelt a chieftain named Milcho, a prince of Dalaraida, a district reaching from Newry to the Braid, and to him it was determined that the boy should be offered in sale. To reach his residence in the valley of the Braid, it was necessary to cross the range of mountains which runs along the coast. For a time the route of the caravan would follow the north bank of the river Glenarm, but soon they would

begin to ascend the steep side of the hill, here rising to a height of from 800 to 900 feet. From the summit of the pass on a clear day, the British shore can be distinctly seen ; and it would be with a sinking heart that Succeth would take his last look at his well-loved native land.

The valley of the Braid plays such an important part in the history of our saint, that a short space devoted to it will not be thrown away. The readiest approach to it now is by railway from Belfast to Ballymena, and from that town it runs in a north easterly direction for about fourteen miles, until the mountains above Glenarm on the sea-coast shut it in. Except for its connection with St. Patrick, it is not in any way remarkable, and the constructors of railways have shown their appreciation of it, by just crossing it at the lower end of the valley. A railway from Larne to Belfast runs on the other side of the hills which form its southern border ; and another iron road from Ballymena to Cushendale skirts the northern slope of the hills on the other bank of the Braid. But the traveller who wishes to tread the soil made sacred for evermore by the foot of St. Patrick, must forsake the beaten track of tourists at Ballymena, and find his solitary way to the source of the Braid, leaving behind him the hum of towns, and finding companions in the rushing waters, the desolate valleys and the bare mountain tops.

The name, Braid, is the modern form of Braghad, a gullet or windpipe, and is used to signify a gorge or deeply cut glen. (Joyce "Irish Names and Places," I. p. 465) says:—"Of this application the river and valley of the Braid near Ballymena in Antrim form a very characteristic example." However, the river soon loses its wild and precipitous character, and after receiving a confluent at the Forked Bridge, flows in a quiet stream past Broughshane and Ballymena into the Main. Its breadth is rarely over twenty feet, and except in times of flood its waters are shallow. On the north bank, in the parish of Skerry, there is a narrow strip of low arable land, with a light gravelly soil ;

but this is soon hemmed in by a range of mountains, sometimes rising to a considerable elevation, and in the case of Soarns Hill to 1326 feet. At some little distance from the stream is a basaltic rock of great height, on which are still pointed out what tradition says are the footprints of the Angel Victor, who is said to have here conversed with St Patrick. But the most remarkable feature in the landscape is the Hill of Slemish. This is on the south bank, it stands somewhat in front of the mountain range separating the valley of the Braid from that of the Glenwherry, and rises suddenly to a height of 1437 feet above the sea level, from a tract of low-lying moorland. It presents to a spectator looking at it from the west, the appearance of half of the orb of the full moon.

The Braid forms the boundary between the parishes of Racavan or Rathcavan on the south, and Skerry on the north of the river. The former, so called from the Rath (or circular mound) of the Cavan (or hollow), contains some curious remains of ancient times. An artificial cave, provided with a species of chimney or air-hole, is surrounded by the foundations of buildings now completely thrown down; the adjoining locality is known in the country as St. Patrick's Chapel. This cluster of ancient buildings was formerly surrounded by a deep ditch and parapet. A small stream called the Cashel Burn runs by it, before it falls into the Braid. The word Cashel means a circular mound formed of stone, and no doubt the stream derives its name from the Cashel formerly surrounding the Buildings.

In a straight line between Slemish and Skerry is the townland of Bally-lig-Patrick, the townland of Patrick's hollow: here, too, is a cave built with remarkable strength and solidity; it had at least three compartments, and one of them is supplied with air by a chimney. (O'Laverty, "Down and Connor," p. 438.)

There are some other very ancient stone monuments which may easily have come down from times preceding those of St.

Patrick : and the valley is full of places with which traditions of his presence are associated. Stations are still held on the Skerry Rock, where the Angel is said to have appeared to the Saint, and Colgan, writing in 1647, says : "The place is called Schire Padrine, and is the scene of a great pilgrimage : and crowds of people assemble at it with great devotion." (O'Laverty, p 444.)

As the party descended from the summit of the pass, and entered the little valley of the Braid, the youth must have been struck with the extreme desolation of the surrounding country. The hills were either covered with scanty coarse grass or heather, or presented to view the bare rugged rock. As they reached the lower ground it was boggy, and scarcely passable. There was no attempt at a road, and there were few signs of human habitation. Succeth had been used to the sights and sounds of a busy city : when for a time he went into the country, he was always within easy reach of the ceaseless hum of men, and the country about Dumbarton bore the marks of industrious cultivation, and often of taste and luxury. But here nothing caught the eye save the desolate heath, no sound fell on the ear but the screech of a wild bird or the monotonous murmur of falling water. At length they reached the Rath or abode of Milcho.

Milcho was not inclined to purchase a slave on his own account, and three other persons joined with him, and we may well imagine there would be much bargaining before the matter was settled. While Milcho dwelt upon his youth and the slightness of his frame, alleging that he would be of little value to him, the vendors would enlarge on his handsome appearance and distinguished birth, and declare that he was just the servant for so noble a master. Succeth, meanwhile, though he could understand what was said only imperfectly, would know well what was going on, and his proud Roman heart would swell with indignation at the humiliation put upon him. When the bargain

was made and his captors had departed, he found himself in a most embarrassing position, for he was the slave not of one master but of four, and it would be a most difficult matter for one so circumstanced to give satisfaction. While he was doing the behest of one, he was too often wanted by another, and so he had to suffer ill-treatment for what was beyond his power to remedy. After a time, however, Milcho perceived that his new slave was no common person, and that it was well worth his while to secure his undivided service, and so he bought from his partners their share in this human chattel. It must have been a gain to the poor boy, and yet he had a hard lot to endure.

It is evident that Milcho was a close-fisted man, with a keen eye to his own interest, and that he would not spare a slave when anything was to be gained by harshness. Besides his property in the valley of the Braid, he had another estate in Killicarn a few miles off, where there still remains a considerable Rath, or circular mound of earth, in which he is supposed to have had a residence. But he dwelt principally on the northern slope of Mount Slemish, or as it was then called Sliabh Mis. Succeth's employment was tending his master's flocks of sheep on the hills and sometimes a herd of swine which ranged the woods, and subsisted on roots, acorns, and beach nuts. At first it must have been with loathing that he executed his menial and repulsive task. Many a time must his thoughts have turned to the peaceful home from which he had been so ruthlessly torn. Often must he have called to mind his parents' house, and tears must have filled his eyes as he thought of their untiring love and care for him. Then he would think of his companions at school, and of the happy hours he had spent with his brothers and sisters. A sense of utter loneliness and misery would come upon him, and when he considered the hopelessness of success in attempting an escape, he would be inclined to give way to despair. It was fortunate for him that, in childhood, he had spent much of his time in the country, and that he had even then taken part in the labours of the

farm, so that his present task, however irksome, was not altogether new to him.

He would have been more than boy if his soul had not been stirred to anger against his captors, and to a deep desire of their condign punishment. But soon his thoughts took another turn. His occupation forced him into solitude ; day after day he was alone on the desolate heath-covered mountain top, or in the rugged gorges amongst the hills with no other companions than the sheep or the swine under his care : the voice of religion began to make itself heard in his soul. At first it might be in all but inaudible whispers and at occasional moments, but soon he felt that it was God speaking to him, and calling him to His service. Then the remembrance of his past life came to his mind, and filled him with confusion and sorrow. One incident of his life which had occurred only a short time before his being stolen from his home especially caused him anguish and remorse. He speaks of "what he had done in his youth in one day, nay rather in one hour, because I was not then able to overcome. I know not, God knows, if I was then fifteen years of age, and from my childhood I did not believe in the Living God, but remained in death and unbelief." (Confessions, p. 594). He does not tell what was his fault, but it was sufficiently serious to be alleged against him years afterwards when it was proposed he should be raised to the Episcopate. Indeed, he says of this part of his life, "this I know for certain, that before I was humbled I was like a stone lying in deep mud, until He who is powerful came, and in His mercy raised me up," (p. 585). Yet we cannot have a doubt that he had been well instructed in his religion, and that on the whole he had led a virtuous life, free from any habitual breach of God's Commandments : but now that grace was enlightening his soul, it appeared to him as if he for the first time was beginning to know God. "I knew not the true God," he says, "and I was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men, as we deserved, for we had forsaken God and had not kept His Commandments and were disobedient to our priests

who admonished us for our salvation." ("Confessions"—Cusack's Life, p. 581). Who is there who cannot remember a similar experience in his own life? Who cannot look back to a time, when he entered into himself, and seemed to view everything in a new light so that his past life appeared to him little better than darkness and ignorance of Divine things? To many a youth in these times such an awakening to a new life has come with a spiritual retreat, or on hearing a sermon, or meeting some great and sudden sorrow. To our Saint it came in the lonely valley amid the desolate hills of Antrim. It pleased his heavenly guide and teacher to impress him with a lively and distinct sense of His Divine presence, so that he saw God everywhere and in everything, and particularly in the great operations of Nature. He beheld God working in the sun by day and the moon and stars by night; and breathing in the winds that have swept these wilds, using them as the instruments of His Will. He recognised that it was God's direct action which ruled the course of his own being, tempering mercy with justice, and fitting him for the great work of his life. He now laid that solid foundation of true humility, upon which the exalted sanctity to which he attained in later years, was built, and he looked upon himself with entire conviction as one who had nought worthy of praise of his own—but owed every good thing to his Maker. He perceived that God was making use of his present lowly state to train him in virtue. "I was severely chastened, and in truth I have been humbled by hunger and nakedness; and I did not come to Ireland of my own will, until I was nearly worn out. But this proved a blessing to me, for I was thus corrected by the Lord, and He made me fit to be what was once far from my thoughts, so that I should care for the salvation of others; for at that time I had no thought even for myself," (p. 594). The most striking characteristic of St. Patrick's piety seems to have been a vivid realization of God's Almighty power and his own utter

nothingness before Him, and his entire reliance upon the Divine wisdom, goodness and power. In every circumstance of his after life, there appears an entire forgetfulness of himself; it is for his Master he acts, and it is that Divine Master who strengthens and upholds him. He thus describes the earnestness and frequency of his prayer to God:—"After I had come to Ireland, I was daily tending sheep, and I prayed frequently during the day, and the love of God and His faith and fear increased in me more and more, and the spirit was stirred: so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same, so that I remained in the woods on the mountain; even before the dawn I was roused to prayer, in snow and ice and rain; and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any slothfulness in me, as I see now, because the spirit was then fervent within me," (p. 587). In a remote valley in Ireland, at the end of the earth, the Holy Spirit was doing in the soul of this lonely youth, the same wonderful work of grace, which at the time was going on in the hearts of solitaries dwelling in the deserts of Egypt and the wilds of Palestine, and which was directed by the inspired wisdom of St. Anthony's successors.

Probably enough at this time the idea first presented itself to his mind, of devoting himself to the conversion of the people among whom he dwelt. Their hands had inflicted upon him the greatest injuries. They had slain his father and mother—they had carried his sister into slavery—they had made of him a bond slave to a harsh master. Had he listened only to the promptings of nature, he would have indulged in feelings of hatred and a consuming desire for revenge: but he had given himself up to the teachings of that Divine Master, Who biddeth His sun shine alike upon the good and the wicked, and he had before his eyes the example of Him, true God and true Man, Who had given His life for him, and Who on the cross had prayed to His Father for His executioners, "Father, forgive them for they

know not what they do." He forgot the injuries he had suffered —they were as if they had never been ; and he longed that the light of the true faith might shine in that land and on that people whom he had learned to love. But what could he do to effect such a plan ? He was but a youth and a slave. His hard lot had taken from him all means of completing his education. He knew just enough to be fully aware of his disadvantages. At school, and from his father's lips, he had learnt the rudiments of knowledge—but his life in the mountains of Antrim, his occupation in tending flocks and herds, his absolute isolation from men of education and refinement, and the utter absence of books, made it impossible for him to pursue his studies. As time went on, even the little he had picked up, became dim and indistinct, and it seemed as if he had forgotten most of what he had learned. Truly, as far as outward circumstances were concerned, he had little to console or encourage him, but God Himself became his Teacher, and filled his soul with a knowledge surpassing all earthly learning, and with an assurance that success should be given to him.

The boy was living with Pagans, for up to this time the light of Christianity had never shone upon Ireland. The Romans had brought it with them into Britain, amongst the troops of various nationalities who composed their legions ; but Ireland had escaped invasion and conquest, and no Christian teacher had yet proclaimed on her shores the gospel of Jesus Christ. The religion of Ireland was a form of Druidism, which prevailed generally among all the peoples of Celtic origin. The objects of worship were chiefly the great works of nature, the sun and the fire, the storm and the whirlwind, the water and the cloud. The lively fancy of the Irish, fostered by the inspiriting songs of the bards, peopled the earth and sky with imaginary beings,—some good and kind, some mischievous and cunning, and others downright wicked and malignant. Many of these old superstitions laid such a firm grasp upon the popular mind, that they have sur-

vived until even our day. Christianity has changed them into harmless, often salutary practices, but there is many a custom lingering in the rural districts which had its origin in the usages and beliefs of pre-Christian times. The fires on St. John's Eve are the survival of the old fire-sun worship of the Druids, and the reverence paid to holy wells had its precursor in the times when the heathen priests made offerings to them and honoured them as divine. Whether it was from the notions prevalent amongst the people, or, perhaps more probably, from his own deep communings with nature, St. Patrick himself was keenly alive to the changes of the elements ; and in the poetry ascribed to him when on his way to Tara, he summoned to aid him in his warfare

“ The virtue of Heaven,  
In light of Sun,  
In brightness of Snow,  
In splendour of Fire,  
In speed of Lightning,  
In swiftness of Wind,  
In depth of Sea,  
In stability of Earth,  
In compactness of Rock.”

It is a common saying now that strangers settling in Ireland become more Irish than the Irish themselves ; “ *Hibernicis hiberniores* ” was said of the descendants of the Norman warriors who in Henry Second’s reign gained a footing in the land. But it seems to have been true in far more ancient times, and St. Patrick yielded to the charm, and became a true child of the soil. When we try to conjure up a vision of the persons into whose society he was thrown, and of the influences which gradually moulded his character, we have little in written history to help us. But the tenacity with which the Celtic character clings to old usages and treasures up old ideas, enables us to form some sort of notion of what was going on round about our youthful Saint, whilst he was a slave in Milcho’s household. Foremost amongst these was the

character of his master. When St. Patrick entered his family Milcho could not have been much over thirty years of age, for he was still living in 433 when his former slave returned to become the Apostle of Ireland forty-six years afterwards. To his rank as hereditary prince of North Dalaraida, he united the functions of a Magus or Druidical priest, and he was a fanatical lover of the national worship. He must often have practised heathenish rites in the presence of his household, and thus excited the horror of his Christian slave ; and perhaps he may have gone further, and endeavoured to force him to take a part in them.

It is not the place here to enter into the question whether or not the Round Towers of Ireland were Pre-Christian : there are weighty authorities on both sides, but there are sufficiently high names who maintain that they were already in existence when the Saint was brought to Ireland. If they belong to a later period when Ireland was Christian, it seems strange that the architects of those times should have displayed such surpassing skill in the construction of these Towers, for which it is difficult to assign any adequate purpose ; and on the other hand have left us no monuments whatever of a more useful kind. The ruins of the old churches of the sixth and succeeding centuries until the arrival of the Normans, are entirely unworthy to be put in comparison with the Round Towers : and we cannot suppose that the ecclesiastics of those times would lavish all the resources their wealth and the highest talents of their architects in erecting the former, when they have not left to posterity one single church, whose dimensions or architectural pretensions are on a level with these famous works. It is likely enough then that St. Patrick found on his arrival in Ireland, dotted over the face of the land these strange, mysterious buildings, which have so wonderfully for more than fifteen hundred years kept their secret. That they were intended for religious purposes scarcely admits of a doubt, and the most probable supposition is that they were in some way connected with the wor-

ship of Fire or the Sun. One of the most perfect specimens still stands in a garden near the town of Antrim. It is over fifty feet in circumference at the base, and is ninety-three feet high. It tapers gradually upwards, and is exquisitely proportioned. Whatever was its original purpose, it was converted to Christian uses, for a cross inclosed in a circle is carved in stone over the doorway, and at the top are the remains of a beam placed across from which a bell has probably been swung. The name of the property on which it stands, tall and upright, is Steeple, and most likely has acquired its name from it.

From his rank as Prince of Dalaraida and his zeal for the national religion, we can well imagine that Milcho would leave his home in the valley of the Braid, to take part in the national festivals celebrated near this remarkable Tower. In the neighbourhood there are other memorials still remaining of these ancient superstitions. Near to the foot of the Tower just mentioned, is a flat Druidical stone supposed to have been used for sacrifices. Small circular holes made to receive the victim's blood can still be perceived on its upper surface. Near the landing place at Larne is shown an ancient Cromlech, also belonging to these remote times, and used either for worship or sepulture.

Like every other heathen nation, the Irish did not confine themselves to the worship of nature: they formed to themselves graven images and worshipped them as gods. The great sacred place in the fourth century was Magh-Slecht (the Plain of Adoration) in Cavan on the borders of Leitrim. It was about ninety miles distant from Mount Slemish, but there can be little doubt that Milcho would be careful to be present at the annual festival kept on November first in honour of the great idol of Crom Cruach. According to a very ancient geographical treatise called *Dinnsenchus*, "this was the principal idol of all the Colonies who settled in Ireland from time to time, and they were wont to offer to it the firstlings of animals and other gifts." (Cusack's "Life of St. Patrick," p. 287.) "It is by no means certain what was the

form or exact appearance of the Crom Cruach ; the name signifies the bent or sloping monument" (*ibid.* p. 287). In the tripartite Life of St. Patrick it is described as "made of gold and silver and surrounded by twelve other idols formed of bronze." A zealous worshipper of his country's gods, Milcho must certainly have joined in the great throng, who assembled at the close of the year to do honour to this imaginary deity

The Irish nation was at this time ruled over by a monarch. Niall or Niell, surnamed by historians the Great. He was the son of Achy Mogmedon, who had reigned over Ireland from A.D. 358-366, and of Carinna his second wife, a Saxon by birth (*Ogygia*, ii. 396.) We are assured by the Roman historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary writer, that in the year A.D. 364, the first year of the Emperor Valentinian, a combined army of Picts, Scots, Saxons, and Attacotti invaded Britain and reduced the Britons to the utmost distress. (*Ogygia*, ii. 297.) And Claudian thus describes the success of the great General Theodosius :—

" Maduerunt Saxone fuso  
Orcades, incaluit Pictonim sanguire Thule  
Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne."

" The Orkney Isles were dyed with the effusion of Saxon blood ;  
Thule was warmed with the blood of the Picts :  
Icy Ireland wept over the heaps of Scots."

Both writers describe the Saxons and the Scots, as the Irish were then called, acting in concert with the Picts: and O'Flaherty, the author of the "Ogygia," concludes that there was a common league between the nations, and that inter-marriages and commercial intercourse subsisted amongst them. (p. 298.) This readily accounts for the Irish Monarch Achy's friendship with Saxon chiefs, and his marriage with a daughter of that race; but the union must have taken place some years before the great expedition which proved so disastrous to the combined forces of

Picts, Scots, and Saxons when Theodosius took the field against them, and drove them before him beyond the Antonine Wall. Niell did not succeed to the throne till the year 379, and he reigned about twenty-six years. Much of his time was spent in hostile expeditions against Britain and Gaul ; and in one organized in his reign, St. Patrick was brought a captive to Ireland. He was on the whole successful in his enterprises, and received the name "Niell of the Nine Hostages" from the number of peoples whom he had subdued, and from whom he had exacted this token of submission. He inherited from his father his roving tastes, and no doubt the Saxon blood he had from his mother would rather increase than diminish his love of adventure. Another reason why historians have honoured him with the title of "Great" is that many of the chief Irish families are descended from him. During the intervals of his warlike enterprises, he made his residence at Tara in County Meath ; and here he received the homage of his subject kings and chiefs, for we must remember that besides the king of Ireland, there were also many others enjoying the royal title, and reigning in Leinster, Munster Connaught, and Ulster. If we may believe the ancient writers of Ireland, the kings of Ireland lived in great splendour at Tara. O'Hartigan who died A.D. 973 thus describes their royal state :—

" Three hundred cup-bearers distributed  
Three times fifty choice goblets  
Before each party of great numbers,  
Which were of pure, strong carbuncle,  
Or gold, or of silver all."

Dr. Petrie supports to a certain extent the substantial truth of this statement, when he tells us of the magnificent gold ornaments found at Tara, and now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy.

O'Curry gives us an extract from the Book of Ballymote, which, in its turn, quotes it from a much older authority, the

“Na Chong-bhail.” (Cusack’s “Ireland,” p. 103.) No doubt, the writer has freely indulged his fancy in this bardic photograph of Cormac-mac-Airt, but still it is well worth inserting here, as giving us an idea of what an ancient Bard of Ireland conceived to be a fitting description of an Irish King of the Third Century reigning at Tara. “His hair was slightly curled, and of a golden colour; a scarlet shield, with engraved devices and golden hooks, and clasps of silver; a wide-folding purple cloak on him, with a gem-set gold brooch over his breast; a gold torque around his neck; a white collared shirt, embroidered with gold, upon him; a girdle with golden buckles, and studded with precious stones, around him; two golden net-work sandals with golden buckles upon him; two spears with golden sockets, and many red bronze rivets, in his hand; while he stood in the full glow of beauty, without defect or blemish. You would think it was a shower of pearls that were set in his mouth; his lips were rubies; his symmetrical body was as white as snow; his cheek was like the mountainash berry; his eyes were like the sloe; his brows and eyelashes were like the sheen of a blue-black lance.”

As it was usual for the Irish Ard-righs or chief monarchs to hold Court at Tara, at which the minor kings and the more important chiefs attended in great numbers, sometimes to show their loyalty to the sovereign, sometimes to push forward their own interests or intrigues, and at others to join in annual religious festivities in honour of their National Divinities, Milcho would be sure to be present in the throng. He would travel from the banks of the Braid to those of the Boyne with all the state he could muster, and would be attended by a numerous retinue of clansmen and dependants. On their return to their secluded valley, they would bring with them the news of the day, and unless the Irishmen of those days were very different from those of the present, every point of intelligence, whether of home politics or foreign adventure, would be keenly discussed. The

hardy inhabitants of the hills and dales of Antrim did not require the shelter of a building to hold a conference, but whenever there was a meeting either for business or pleasure, or even a chance rencontre of neighbours, the doings of the Court would be narrated by ready spokesmen, and listened to with greedy ears. In this way, Succeth, though a slave, would readily pick up the gossip of the day, and would acquire a familiar knowledge of Ireland's affairs. Too often, the foreign news would bring to him nothing but sorrow and grief. If he heard anything of Dumbarton or his beloved Strathclyde, it would be but tales of desolation and slaughter, of which he had already only too vivid a recollection. For the rest, the narrative would be little more than an exulting description of the feebleness of the resistance offered by the Britons to the fierce attacks of the troops led by their warlike king, or a still more rapturous account of the rich spoils the galleys had brought back with them from the sack of Patrician villas or flourishing towns. His own heart would be wrung with anguish at hearing these glowing tales of abundant success on the one side, and abject cowardice on the other; but as he gazed at the animated faces of the story-teller and his listeners, he longed that the high spirits, the overflowing courage, and the adventurous bravery of this people, should have a nobler aim than plunder and carnage, and be employed in the service of his Divine Lord and Master. What Apostles of the Cross would these hardy and active men, careless of fatigue or danger, make, if only they could become disciples of the Crucified! When in the solitude on the hill-top, after one of these recitals, he looked up to the broad canopy of heaven, bespangled with its myriads of stars, and reflected upon what he had heard and seen, tears would come into his eyes as he thought of those loved ones whom he had lost; but there was no bitterness now in his soul against the people among whom he lived, but he poured forth his whole heart in prayer that Ireland might be converted to the faith. Perhaps he began to hope that that humble and most

earnest prayer had reached the throne of the Most High, and that he was the vessel of election, the one chosen by God to gather into the fold of Christ the Irish nation.

He had now been nearly six years in Ireland : from a youth he had grown into a man. If his literary education had been abruptly checked, he had accumulated a stock of wisdom from above, a knowledge which raised him above his miserable surroundings, and fitted him for his mighty task. He had but scant intercourse with men, but his conversation was with the Angels. There cannot be a doubt that, as time went on, his prayer became supernatural in a high degree. He gazed full into the face of his Maker, and he was given knowledge surpassing what can be learned in schools, or at the feet of the sages of the earth. His master began to perceive there was something uncommon in his slave : but this only aroused in him hatred and distrust. A fanatical worshipper of false gods, he beheld in this once despised youth a something which at once compelled his admiration and excited his fear. The following incident must have greatly increased this feeling :—

“ While St. Patrick was with Milcho, this king had a dream or vision, in which he saw his servant come into the house where he was, and flames of fire appeared to issue from his head. Milcho thought that ‘ the flames broke upon him to burn him,’ but he drove it from him, and it did him no harm. His son and daughter were with him, and it seemed as if it consumed them entirely, and their ashes were scatterd all over Erinn. Milcho called Patrick at once, and told him his vision, which the Saint interpreted to him thus : ‘ The fire which thou sawest on me is the faith of the Trinity which burns within me, and it is this faith which I shall hereafter preach unto thee, but thou wilt not believe. Thy son, however, and thy daughter, they will believe, and the fire of grace shall consume them.’ ”

From this story, we learn that the Saint had already an inti-

mation of his high destiny, and that God had revealed to him the knowledge of future events, and we can easily believe that, from this time forward, Milcho regarded his slave with ever-growing ill-will. At the same time, a strong desire to be again amongst his own people, to visit Britain, and even Gaul, took possession of Patrick's mind. Everything contributed to strengthen this feeling. His menial task of tending flocks seemed now to him a mere waste of time, when his soul was burning within him with a passion to be a Shepherd of men. His master's growing aversion, shown to him in many ways, contributed to increase his eagerness for a change. But he had learnt by this time to wait for a sign from above before he came to a decision. He was God's servant, and must obey His command, and not follow his own inclination. Probus, who wrote the life of the Saint about the 10th century, tells us that an angel now began to visit him every seventh day, and speak with him as a man is wont to speak to a man. Probably this was the Victor, or Victoricus, of whom St. Patrick himself speaks in his confession, as appearing to him in the night on a memorable occasion, and who became his constant companion and guide. Still, though he awaited patiently for heavenly guidance, we are not to suppose that his mind did not busy itself with devising a mode of escape. He was not ten miles from the sea coast, and that coast was not thirty miles from the nearest shores of Britain, but still, escape was not such an easy matter. There were few points of embarkation on that rock-girt shore, and ships fit to face that stormy sea were few and far between. Besides, the influence of the Chief of North Dalaraida was dominant in all that region. His vengeance on anyone who might aid a fugitive slave would be severe and speedy. In this dilemma help came to him from the quarter from which he had now accustomed himself to look for it. He gives us the following account:—"One night in my sleep I heard a voice saying to me. Thou fastest well, fasting thou shalt soon go to thy country." (Conf., p. 588.) From this time he ceased to be anxious: his path

was clear before him. He knew that God approved of his design, and he waited for Him to point out to him the time and the manner. His patience was not long tried. "After a very short time I heard a voice saying to me, Behold thy ship is ready. Soon after this I fled, and left the man with whom I had been six years." (Conf., p. 588.) The heavenly messenger who directed him, ordered him to make a journey of two hundred miles to a place far distant from Antrim, a place which he had never seen, and where he knew no one : but he feared nothing, and set out in the strength of the Lord, who directed his way for good.

At the close of the 4th century, the population of Ireland was, as compared with recent times, very small. Probably, in 392, it was not more than 300,000. A writer of some repute has stated that so thoroughly pastoral was the life of the natives, there was not a single town, scarcely a good-sized village, in Ireland before the arrival of the Northmen in the 9th century. The chiefs lived in their raths or cashels, surrounded by their septs : there was little cultivation of the ground, enclosures even were rare, and for the most part the occupation of the people was in tending vast herds of cattle. The woods and waste lands occupied great part of the country. A journey of 200 miles through such a district was no light matter, but to St. Patrick it had few terrors. He had been used to the weather in all its moods. Many a night had he passed in the open air. He was accustomed to privation and hardship, and he feared neither fatigue, nor hunger, nor danger. Such a traveller, when he once got a safe distance from Milcho's territory, could find little difficulty in making his way from farm-house to farm-house, and he would be sure of an hospitable welcome. Little can be said of the route he followed. We know of two circumstances only which can in any way help us to fix it. The one is the distance of 200 miles he had to traverse ; the other is the mention which the Saint himself makes, in his account of a memorable vision, of the Wood of Fochlut, near the Western Sea. In the narrative

he gives us of his early life in his confession, this is the one name of an Irish place which he gives us, and we may be sure that something remarkable must have there happened to impress it thus strongly on his imagination. Whether it was a danger escaped, or a kindness received, he never forgot it. Likely enough it was both; an extensive forest in that remote part of Ireland, for Fochlut is in the County of Mayo, not far from the town and bay of Killala, would be most difficult to traverse, and probably would be infested with wolves or other wild beasts; and had the Saint found a shelter, and warmth and food after escaping from these adventures, he may well have remembered it for a life-time. But whatever it was, his heart was touched, and tears would come into his eyes in after years when Fochlut was named, and even in the presence of King Leoghaire, at Tara, he could not conceal the emotion the recollections of the place excited in his breast.

Though the Saint's narrative of his early life is brief, and though he is as far as possible from any design of exhibiting his own feelings, still it creeps out that he had a warm and generous heart. He could nobly forgive an injury—he sought to repay cruel tyranny and hard usage by seeking the eternal salvation of his master; and to his dying day he retained an affectionate remembrance of the dwellers on the skirt of the Wood of Fochlut. Another thing we may be sure of, that, in spite of his lowly garb, for he was clad in the coarse dress of a slave, employed in menial country work, and of his youth for he was barely 21 years old, there was in his bearing and behaviour something that at once won kindly feelings from others, and also insured respect. Tradition tells us that, when a mere child and placed out at nursing, his foster-mother became so attached to him that she could not bear to have him out of her sight, and he repaid her love by constantly being on the alert to give her pleasure or save her trouble. His watchfulness and care for his little sister Lupita are minutely dwelt on by his biographers.

His grief at being separated from his family and country often breaks out unwittingly in his writings, and he laments that he had become a stranger to them. His relations showed their estimation for him when they earnestly besought him to remain with them when he once more returned to the banks of the Clyde. Later on, during his long preparation in Gaul to fit him to become the Apostle of a great nation, he always met with friends who became deeply attached to him, and when at last he found his vocation, and became, indeed, the preacher of the Gospel and the converter of the heathen, the charm of his manner and presence was such that on first sight or hearing of him, children would leave their homes and follow him, and courtiers would renounce their worldly prospects and become his disciples.

And now the Saint has arrived at the end of his weary journey, and he stands upon the sea-shore looking out upon the broad Atlantic. How his heart would beat as his eyes gazed at those mighty waves crested with foam and swelling on the deep blue surface of the ocean. For those surging waves were to carry him back to the land of his birth. But where was the ship on which he was to embark? The answer shall be given in the Saint's own words: "The day on which I arrived the ship had moved out of her place, and I asked to go and sail with them, but the master was displeased, and answered, angrily. 'There is no use in asking to go with us.'" No doubt the appearance of the intending passenger gave little promise of payment. He had no money to offer; his solitary garment, a tunic of sheepskin coming down to the knees, and his primitive foot-gear tied with leathern thongs, bespoke his lowly condition. The young man bore the refusal meekly. "When I heard this," he continues, "I left them to go back to the shed, where I had received hospitality, and on the way I began to pray. Before I had finished praying, I heard one of the sailors crying out loudly for me, 'Quick, come along, for they are calling for thee!' I

made haste to return to them, and they said, 'Come, and as we receive thee in friendship, do thou be with us a friend.' " (Conf., pp. 588-9.) Of the nature of the ship and its crew he tells us little, except that the latter were heathens. In those days, it would be a large vessel which could carry 50 men, and such would be used only in war. Ships belonging to private individuals were much smaller, and possessed only the rudest accommodation for passengers. They drew so little water that there was no room for a cabin. They used a rude sail, but, relied for the management of the ship chiefly on their oars, especially when they neared the land.

St. Patrick is now on the blue waters of the wide Atlantic ; a favourable breeze is wafting him to his home in Britain, and his heart bounds with joy at the thought that his captivity is come to an end, and that a few days' sail will bring him in sight and in touch of his native land. He is at an age when the blood flows briskly through the veins, when the spirits are buoyant, and when hope is fresh and unchilled in the soul. His life's purpose has been made known to him, and he braces himself up to a steady and diligent preparation for it. His youth has not been crushed nor soured by misfortune, or hardship, or privation ; on the contrary, his hardy, abstemious, laborious life has made him superior to the hundred wants which a condition of ease and prosperity entails on those who are born in palaces and halls. He can bear fatigue, and hunger, and cold, if need be ; and so he contemplates his task without fear whatever its carrying out may cost him.

ROBERT GRADWELL.

## Alone.

**L**oved, wedded and caressed,  
 Although her children died  
 She still seemed doubly blest,  
 Her helpmate at her side  
 More dear than all the rest !

But sorrow did not kill  
 The thought of those so dear,  
 Who all her feelings fill,  
 As though still with her here,  
 To play about her still.

Her little children's fate  
 She never could recall,  
 Yet lived she desolate,  
 For she had lost them all,—  
 And then she lost her mate.

When came that hour of woe  
 And all she loved was gone,  
 Not sorrow's keenest blow  
 Left her fond heart alone ;  
 No parting could it know.

Nigh her he still appears,  
 The early times so cling ;  
 Her simple heart still hears  
 Her children laugh and sing  
 As in the happy years.

The dead to her remain ;  
She heeds each gentle sound  
Of theirs within her brain,  
And answers, smiling round :  
“ Sweet love, say that again ! ”

Is it that angels dwell  
In that lone mother’s breast ?  
She knows not what befel  
And so is doubly blest :  
Not more her heart can tell.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

## The "Ship."

FEW of the Catholic churches in and around London have more historical associations than belong to the old "Sardinian Chapel," the church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia in Lincoln's Inn fields. Some of these, oddly enough, are closely connected with an ancient hostelry called the "Ship" in Gate Street, which boasts a record of more than three hundred years. In the bad old days of persecution, when it was felony to preach the Gospel, and priests were tried for their lives for saying mass, the "Ship Tavern" was a great trysting place for the sufferers, by the penal laws. It was here that Bishop Challoner used to meet some of his flock—the greatest secrecy being observed. The room, which is still to be seen, was hired by the year as a sub-room, and on the night of meeting a sturdy Irishman was posted at the door to admit none but the faithful who said the appointed watchword. In his "Sick Calls" the Rev. Edward Price tells us that saintly prelate used to visit the "Ship" in coloured clothes.

To still further save appearances, in case the priest-hunters should break in, a pint of ale or porter was put before each person, the Bishop included. His lordship, however, never tasted the refreshment, which was afterwards drank by one or other of the little flock, whose turn it was to have the honour of drinking the "Bishop's Beer." The sedate and good young lad who was chosen to wait on the little audience on "club nights," became especially endeared to the good Bishop, who sent him from the "Ship" to a school, and thence to Douay, where he became a priest, and was known as Dr. Archer the celebrated preacher of the Church at Warwick Street. In another room in the tavern,

many meetings of the Catholic laity were held for purely secular purposes, and it is a coincidence that, close by the "Ship," are now the extensive warehouses of Messrs. Ullathorne, a Catholic firm of merchants.

In the riots of 1780, a most determined attempt was made and with partial success, by the aggressive Protestants of the period, to raze the Sardinian Chapel and the house of the Ambassador to the ground. When the last bayonet charge or raking volley had suppressed the riots, and the civil trials in connection with the disturbances were over, the persecuted Catholics rebuilt their church, which now occupies the ground that, previous to 1780, was used for the stables of the Sardinian Ambassador. The scene of these "No Popery" riots has been depicted in "Barnaby Rudge" by Charles Dickens, who records how the rioters "from the chapel, tore down and took away the very altars, benches, pulpits, pews, and flooring; from the dwelling houses, the very wainscoting and stairs. This Sunday evenings' recreation they pursued like mere workmen who had a certain task to do and did it. Fifty resolute men might have turned them at any moment, a single company of soldiers might have scattered them like dust, but no man interposed, no authority restrained them, and except by the terrified persons who fled from their approach, they were as little heeded as if they were pursuing their lawful occupations with the utmost sobriety and good conduct."

After their attack on the chapel, the rioters made a most determined, but unsuccessful raid on the "Ship." From the smoking ruins in Gate Street they took to the fields, which Bloomsbury was just beginning to cover. Here, having secreted the most valuable of their plunder, they burnt the rest. Rich vestments, statues of saints and angels, exquisitely worked, altar furniture and valuable household property were cast into the flames; and round these bonfires the wretched rioters danced and howled deliriously.

When the mob approached Gate Street, the priest of the Sardinian Chapel was hiding at the "Ship," but the Sacred Host reserved on the altar and the holy vessels were secured by a Mrs. Ann Roberts, and brought to the clergyman at the Inn. As he was fasting at the time, he at once said Mass as an act of thanksgiving for the preservation of the Blessed Sacrament and of the holy vessels. This was said in a room on the first-floor on an altar stone, laid upon a table with one cloth doubled up three times, two candles and a cross, and a small missal which the priest had in his pocket. Mrs. Roberts was the "server" at the function performed under such strange circumstances. She afterwards became housekeeper for 36 years to the late Rev Abbé Morel, who founded the Catholic church of St. Mary at Hampstead ; and there she died at the advanced age of ninety-three. The Abbé himself, who had been driven from France by the Revolution, frequently visited the "Ship," and his likeness and snuff-box are still shown by Host Cox to the curious.

H. STONEHEWER COOPER.

## The Haydock Papers.

### The Beginning of the End.

“ Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

The first uprising of that terrible moral earthquake, which afterwards shook the world to its centre, had partially subsided and a sullen calm, suspicious enough, had ensued, when the writer of this narrative, John Penswick, who was three schools below George Leo Haydock, arrived at the college. But the memory of these occurrences was fresh, and the subject of frequent conversation amongst the students. What he was not an eye-witness of, he heard from those who were, and they agreed in their statements. Previous, however, to entering upon the description of the events that he has recounted, it is presumed that those who may read his brief memoir have acquired a competent knowledge of the horrors of the first French Revolution. Without this preliminary knowledge, much of what he has written would be almost unintelligible. It is from the outbreak of the first revolution that this narrative commences.

“ After the meeting of the *states-general*, the harbinger of all the evils that followed, there were disturbances in every part of France, fomented, it was said, by the influence and money of the celebrated, perhaps we should say, the infamous Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité. From these disturbances, accompanied with terror and bloodshed, Douay was not exempt. Agitators and agents for ill were sought, paid, and sent round in every direction,

first, to promote distrust in the constituted authorities, and afterwards to upset and destroy them.

" The nobility, clergy, and men of property, were arraigned before the public as joint accomplices in a plot to starve and destroy the people. It was first insinuated, surmised, and then proclaimed unblushingly, that the aristocrats had begun their operations ; that they were attempting to enslave the people by starving them, and for that purpose were sending away boat-loads of wheat and flour, necessary for the subsistence of the people, in order by these unjustifiable means to reduce them to absolute subjection. By such representations, groundless as they were, but confidently and impudently asserted and repeated, the passions of the populace were lashed into fury, and prepared for any measure of violence and guilt ; and the soldiery, corrupted by beer and money, and instigated by the addresses of the remorseless Jacobin clubs, and the scurrilous, irreligious writings of the day, joined in these disturbances instead of quelling them.

" One instance, which occurred in Douay, will illustrate the extremities to which the populace was urged in its state of exasperated feeling.

" A tradesman in the town was accused, perhaps only suspected, of contravening the injunctions of the mob by despatching to the neighbouring towns certain quantities of wheat and flour. For this offence, real or supposed, he was arrested and instantly committed to prison, and one of the municipal guards was placed sentry over him with a drawn sword to prevent his escape. Intelligence of this arrest spread rapidly through the streets and alleys of the town, and as rapidly did the mob assemble, accompanied by bands of soldiery who had released themselves from all discipline and obedience to their officers, and goaded by the virulent harangues of the savage agitators and unprincipled tools of faction, they rushed with blind ferocity to the door of the prison to wreak their vengeance on a man, untried, unheard, and to whom was given neither time nor opportunity to prepare or plead in his own defence. One

obstacle only was opposed to the instant execution of their bloody designs, and that was the firmness and resolution of the sentinel appointed to guard their intended victim. That man, being as conscientious as he was brave, and esteeming it his bounden duty to protect as well as to guard his prisoner, resisted strenuously for a while, and with all his power, their mad attempts at murder. But what could a solitary individual do against an infuriated multitude? He was seized, disarmed, and hurried off to the market-place, and instantly run up to the fatal lamp-post, expiating by his death a great crime in their eyes, but in the judgment of all honest men, dying a species of martyr to the fulfilment of his own sacred duty. That man was Derbaix, the principal bookseller in the town, and printer to the English College. How preposterous was this frivolous pretence of scarcity appears from the fact that Douay is situated in the midst of a most fertile plain that produces abundantly more than is sufficient for the support of its inhabitants.

“ Freed from restraint, and under the circumstances from the means of restraint, the undisciplined soldiery, and the more undisciplined mob, perambulated the various streets, and visited in succession the houses of the principal citizens, and by their significant menaces, compelled them to join in their frantic cries of *vive la nation*, and then exacted beer and provisions as the price of their further forbearance.

“ From these unpleasant visitations it might have been expected that the English secular college, consisting almost entirely of English students, would have been exempted. They were not their subjects; they were not personally interested in their changes and revolutions; they were not partizans of any of the factions which then ruled or attempted to rule; they were mere strangers enjoying there an asylum and a refuge which had been denied them at home. What mattered it to them whether this desirable protection were extended to them under an absolute or a limited monarchy, which last seemed to be the expressed

want and wish of the day? But no! a lawless rabble acts and does not argue. The sovereign people were determined that their obtrusive aggressions should be made impartially. In the plenitude of their assumed power they thundered at the College door requiring immediate admittance. Some delay occurred, during which the superiors wisely instructed the younger students to receive the deluded multitude with some English cheers, such as boys know how to give, to propitiate them in somewise, and to prevent further violence. Accordingly, after some further demur the mob forced an entrance into the College and crossing the ambulacrum, rushed into the quadrangular court directly opposite, where to their astonishment and apparent gratification, they were met by a laughing array of boys, who, throwing their hats up into the air, received them with loud huzzars, and vociferated at the top of their lungs the fashionable cry of the day, *vive la nation*.

"This cry, at that time, by no means denoted an acquiescence in the fatal measures which marked and disgraced the subsequent eras of the revolution. It then importred merely the downfall and dismission of arbitrary power, not inherent originally in the French constitution, but assumed and usurped in the lapse of time, and arrogantly proclaimed when Louis XIV. had the audacity to announce *La France c'est moi*.

"The nation in its strength arose at last to depose this hateful absolute power, and, as it was said, with the concurrence in some measure of its present king. This, at least, is certain, that the *states-general* were summoned by him to assemble and deliberate on the pressing emergencies that caused them to be convoked, and to apply a remedy to evils too deeply felt to be denied. Such a partial return to the paths of liberty and a participation in the government, was hailed with pleasure by the people of England, who watched with intense curiosity and interest the throes of a mighty nation bursting its trammels, and beginning to trample upon an odious despotism.

" The first acts of a nation striking in its own defence, and evincing by the destruction of the infamous Bastille its determination to be free, were highly popular in England. Great hopes were excited ; great results were anticipated ; so that when these uninvited strangers arrived in the College, it was not thought inconsistent with any duty to welcome their arrival by joining in the shouts of liberty and well-wishing to the nation. This kind of reception, more favourable than they had anticipated, had a magical effect upon the invaders. So far from resorting to violence or personal ill-treatment, they subsided at once into a sort of suavity of behaviour and comical amenity, and added greatly to the amusement of the boys by their grimaces, antic gestures and dances, which were mischievously applauded by loud incessant peals of laughter ; and the mob accepting with the modest assurance of Frenchmen these unmistakeable tokens of merriment as a compliment paid to their own powers of pleasing, were consequently highly gratified, and expressed in warm terms their satisfaction at the mode of their reception. They then departed, after partaking at their own request of the College beer, taking with them some of the boys whose appearance or behaviour had particularly attracted their attention.

" It was laughable to witness the motley and ludicrous appearance of these chosen companions of the military. Supported on each side by the arms of the now friendly soldiers, they were hugged and petted, and held up to the admiration of all good citizens. They were then saddled with military accoutrements, had cocked hats placed on their heads, and naked swords in their hands, and in this quaint guise they were hailed and applauded by the uproarious shouts of the surrounding multitude. Fortunately, laughter succeeded to preceding violence. Even the insurgent bands bent on mischief, whom they occasionally met in their progress through the streets, stood still awhile, contemplating with delight the unexpected display, and then summoning all their energies joined heartily in the public merri-

ment, uniting at one time the grimaces and antics of the monkey with something of the ferocity of the bear dance. It was impossible for a bystander not to be gratified with the bearing of these students, their steadiness and self-possession, and at times with their radiant, honest faces beaming with fun and frolic. After the scenes of horror and violence which the town had witnessed without the power of repressing them, the burst of innocent and harmless mirth escaping from the lips of these boys was quite refreshing, and had a most composing effect ; a gleam of sunshine streaming athwart a lurid sky.\*

“ At that time, when these unexpected uprisings took the world by surprise, the College was at the height of its fame and prosperity.

“ Under the presidency of the Rev. William Gibson, who was afterwards bishop of the Northern District, and principally by his exertions, aided, of course, by the contributions of the nobility, gentry, and other friends, very considerable additions were made to the College buildings, and to college accommodation. Great taste was displayed in their erection, and they were as commodious as they were tasteful. Even the old part of the house was so ornamented and beautified as to stand in favourable competition with the new. The same style was held throughout, and it would have been difficult to have told that they had not both been built at the same time and on the same plan. The study-place, a noble room in the old wing, was remodelled and refitted, and furnished with elegant oaken desks capable of accommodating, easily and commodiously, a hundred students. This lofty and spacious room was crowded to overflowing, and was insufficient to contain the classes under poetry. The other public rooms, such as the libraries, the refectory, and the divines’ school, in which at every competition the successful students received their premiums in the presence of the president and of all the

\* It appears that these boys were borne in triumph the whole of the night through the streets of Dcuay (*Memorials of the Rev. Thomas Gillow*).

inmates of the College, were indeed noble apartments, such as are not usually found even in the houses of the first nobility. The apartments of the superiors were elegant and commodious, and such, in somewhat less degree, were those of the divines. The rooms for the students were also comfortable and sufficiently capacious to accommodate themselves and their pupils. For recreation, the seniors had their walled garden, laid out in extensive walks and stocked with choice fruit trees. The professors and divines had their garden, walled also on three sides, having vines affixed, and near them gravelled walks for exercise. On the fourth side their premises were separated from the grounds of the philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets, by a low wall surmounted by an elegant green palisade, which determined the boundaries of each without obstructing their view. To these latter classes were allotted grounds intersected by spacious gravel walks, over-arched by noble lime trees to protect them from the heat and glare of a too-often scorching sun. On the side, and at the end of a walk, were pleasant summer-houses, around which vines were thickly trained that they might admit an abundance of fresh air while they excluded the solar heat. The younger students had also their play-grounds, their ball-places, their racket-corners, and all the appendages for pursuing the games accredited at the College. Apart from all these, and having as little as possible communication with them, were the apartments and lodgings of the servants and workmen necessary to do the menial offices and supply the various requirements of such an establishment. Such was the external œconomy of the College, and it is only fair to say that the duties attendant on it were performed with zealous regularity.

"Of the internal œconomy of the house, it was the opinion of the late Right Rev. Dr. Smith, formerly bishop of the Northern District, calmly and deliberately delivered, that neither within his own remembrance nor from any information that he could derive, was the College ever in better condition in all respects.

Never greater harmony prevailed among the superiors, never was greater zeal and ability displayed by the various professors, never was better conduct, greater attention to their studies, nor a more willing observance of the College discipline, than was found in the different grades of students at the time when these events occurred which have just been narrated. In piety, in learning, in discipline, the College was at least equal to any other ; it certainly was surpassed by none.

" Moreover, there was a sort of prestige acting silently, but efficaciously, in the breasts of all the inmates when they reflected that their house had been the home of so many eminent men who had done honour to religion by their learned and voluminous writings ; that it had been the *alma mater* of at least one hundred and sixty pious and devoted priests who had laid down their lives in defence of religion ; and of a more numerous body still, who, having received their education at that College, abided the loss of lands and liberty sooner than forsake their religion. Surely this was a home to live in. No one ever left it without reluctance ; no one ever recollects it without delight.

" It was strange that the acme or accumulating point of the College's prosperity should have been a sort of signal of its decline ; that the riot of a day should have influenced beyond that day the welfare of such an establishment. Yet so it was. It is said that within the tropics a small cloud sometimes appears on the horizon, at first scarcely perceptible to the eye, yet insensibly increasing in magnitude, and gathering strength from the deadly vapours that penetrate and surround it, it expands suddenly over the whole face of the heavens, and, presenting to a trembling world a murky, baleful, malignant aspect, is portentous of storms, and tempests, and hurricanes. Just so did these slight convulsions indicate the throes of that mighty volcano, which, already in active operation, and holding for a time a hidden but irresistible course, was soon to burst forth in all its might and in all its terrors, scattering ruin and desolation over the wide sur-

face subjected to its poisonous agency. These are trite comparisons, but no other occur to us that so vividly express the horrors of the revolutionary days that succeeded to these preliminary outrages.

"It is not our intention to give even a succinct account of the savage cruelties and unprincipled confiscations of the first revolution. We will not attempt to delineate the uncouth arch-demagogue Mirabeau thundering forth from the tribune his seditious, felonious harangues, and vindicating atrociously the rights of man to seize and appropriate the estates of faithful subjects. We will not allude further to the massacre of thousands of unoffending clergymen, nor the expulsion of the remainder who preferred exile to apostasy. We need not recall to remembrance the extreme injustice exercised against the nobles who were forced, by every engine of terror, to fly for safety to foreign lands, and then to hear that all their property had been confiscated in consequence; neither is it necessary to say that those who had the resolution to remain were as surely incarcerated, or lost their lives unjustly under the red axe of the guillotine, which never rested. An enumeration of all these cool atrocities is foreign to our present purpose, excepting so far as they contribute or tend to throw light upon the fallen fortunes of Douay College.

"After this first onset on the quiet tenor of college life, nothing occurred for a long time to disturb its peace, or to interfere with the usual occupations. Compared with many other towns of equal size, Douay suffered little from the harassing train of agitations and authorised murders that disgraced the capital and some of the principal cities of the south. It was a frontier town, and in the prospect of an impending war with Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, whose states were contiguous to, and threatened its immediate vicinity, it might not be deemed prudent or safe to introduce these extreme revolutionary measures, which would have a tendency to sow disunion amongst the townsmen and endanger the fortress.

" For the space of more than a year the inmates of the College dwelt in comparative security, and, if not encouraged, they were not molested. Jealousies were, indeed, entertained of its supposed leanings toward regal authority, and once at least a direct complaint to that import was made by the municipal authorities to all the heads of houses in the town who owed allegiance to his Britannic Majesty. This was an unexpected stroke, and if it expressed or insinuated actual or virtual interference in French interests was altogether unfounded. But these were not times in which accusations of any kind could be safely despised or left unanswered. Accordingly a joint exculpatory memorial in reply was drawn up and presented, expressing the great gratitude felt by all the houses for the kind shelter and protections afforded by the French nation for so long a time to the afflicted and persecuted Catholics of England and its dependencies. In pursuance of these becoming sentiments, and influenced by every feeling of honour and respect, it was stated that it had been the declared and decided wish of all the colleges, accredited as that wish had been by long, uniform, and undeviating good conduct, to give satisfaction to the great and generous nation that had so long protected them. Outlawed in their own native land for the bare profession of their religion, they had found safety and a quiet asylum in France. They had never abused the confidence reposed in them, but had been most anxious to prove to all France that her favours had not been bestowed on unworthy recipients. At all times they had carefully refrained from interference in the state in which they were permitted to dwell. They had neither sought, nor exercised, any authority, save only within the precincts of their respective colleges, and were even there only the acknowledged and permitted authority necessary to preserve peace, and uphold discipline ; beyond this point they had never gone, nor wished to go.

" This was the substance and purport of the justificatory memorial presented by the heads of establishments in Douay,

but very lamely and inadequately reported here. The original was a copious, firm, and eloquent reply to the insinuations, rather than direct accusations, that had been made against us, and it was supported by proofs and arguments that would carry conviction home to every one who was not already predetermined not to be convinced. This memorial, it was said, was drawn up by Mr. Dillon, President of the Irish College, and subscribed by all the other heads of houses.

"The result of the meeting was, innocence was vindicated, but did not triumph. A sort of reluctant qualified admission of the justness of the arguments was made, but nothing friendly or refreshing. It was as plain that some secret agency was at work inimical to the interests of the memorialists; and of those present, there perhaps was not one who did not consider himself in the situation so well described by the poet:—

‘—— *incedis per ignes*  
*Suppositos cineri doloso.*’

*Horace, Od. 2., 1. 8.*

"As stated above, no fresh attempts were made at coercion or restraint on liberty, yet the atmosphere darkened around, and its gloom appeared to have reached beyond the channel. What had occurred at the house, and elsewhere, had a decided and injurious effect upon the welfare of the college. It was impossible to combine lax principles, mob rule, and past outrages, with any fair prospect of future security. *Silens leges inter arma*, is an apothegm well appreciated and understood by more than parents, but when to this unenviable state was superadded in some dominant quarters the almost daily breach of all accredited laws, and no security for the observance of any that were inconvenient to present rulers, it was not surprising that parents should listen to timely and well founded fears, and be anxious to withdraw their children from scenes where there could be no reasonable assurance of even personal safety.

"The mainstay of order had been violently snapped asunder by

the unprincipled expulsion of the clergy, a ruthless, insatiate attack upon property and man's best rights, rendering all others insecure. While religion prevailed and was respected, the grosser outrages upon life, liberty, and property, that were contemplated, could not be tolerated. Banish religion, and the teachers of religion, and the strongest barriers against vice are overthrown, disorder and murder by wholesale are rampant, and crime of every kind made easy. That this is no exaggerated view of the consequences resulting from the extinction of religious influence, subsequent events have too clearly shown. Some virtuous priests remained on their native soil, braving danger, and resolved at the risk of their lives to snatch some struggling individuals of their flocks from the awful consummation of dying without spiritual help; but these were few in numbers, oftentimes in concealment, and consequently their good offices were much restricted.

"No wonder, then, that implicit trust was not reposed in a people who had tamely submitted to the destruction of all religious liberty; who looked on with supineness, while daring and impious men were issuing their revolting decrees, that in France henceforward there should be no toleration for a non-juring clergyman, either to administer the sacraments, to offer sacrifice, or to exercise any of the sacred offices of religion. Liberty of worship was indeed ostentatiously proclaimed, but Catholic worship was construed to be pure fanaticism, a crime in their eyes, deserving the severest punishment, even death itself.

"Can it surprise us that students were recalled by their anxious parents in shoals, or at least in quick succession? The danger was becoming imminent; the advantages of remaining were every day less; and to those who were not designed for the ecclesiastical state no object worth the expense of its attainment could be secured, which might not be provided more safely at home. Soon it almost ceased to be strange news, weekly, and almost daily, to hear that some of the schoolfellows were

summoned to repair to the town house, to be provided with the necessary passports for their journey homeward. How soon others of those who remained were to follow, could only be surmised. These partings, probably for life, were inexpressibly painful to those who were going, and to those who remained. The links which had united so many young persons in early friendships, in companionship, in studies, in play, and even in danger, could not be suddenly broken without a pang vibrating in many a heaving breast. But of this enough. It is sufficient to say that they went, and that they were greatly regretted.

“Deeper and deeper grew the gloom around, and darker and drearier the prospect into futurity. At first came what might be called petty annoyances. War having been proclaimed against the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, the College was almost deafened with the constant roll of the drums regulating the drills of the recruits of the first requisition. Their mustering place was close under the study-place windows, and either the shouting of the word of command, or the noise of the drum, or the blast of some musical warlike instrument, was dinned in rapid succession into the ears, from break of morn until dewy eve, to the almost utter discomfiture of attempts at study.

“To this daily recurring plague were added other annoyances which tried the temper, if they did not improve it. A whole host of masons were sent into the house for the purpose of chiselling out and defacing the armorial bearings of the benefactors, which had adorned almost every window in the interior of the College. These badges were represented to be too aristocratical, and too much opposed to their happy state of liberty and equality to be retained, a state which had been proclaimed, but which did not exist. It was in vain that it was represented that those were the arms of English families only, and that having no reference to French politics, they ought to be taken out of the ban prohibiting armorial bearings. To those remonstrances no ear was given. Like St. Patrick’s serpents

such emblems could not, it seemed, co-exist with the safety of the Republic.

"The affairs of the College were so intimately interwoven with what was passing around, that it is difficult to describe its position without alluding to events which could not fail to have some influence favourable, or otherwise, upon its interests. Generally, in what fell under the scope of its inmates' observation, there was much to grieve them, and little to give them hope or confidence in the future. One enormity following another, ever growing but never diminished, showed them the bias of the men who ruled them, and that the tendency of most of the measures then decreed, were evil without alloy; a sort of prelude and preparation of the dark tragedies soon to be enacted."

JOSEPH GILLOW.

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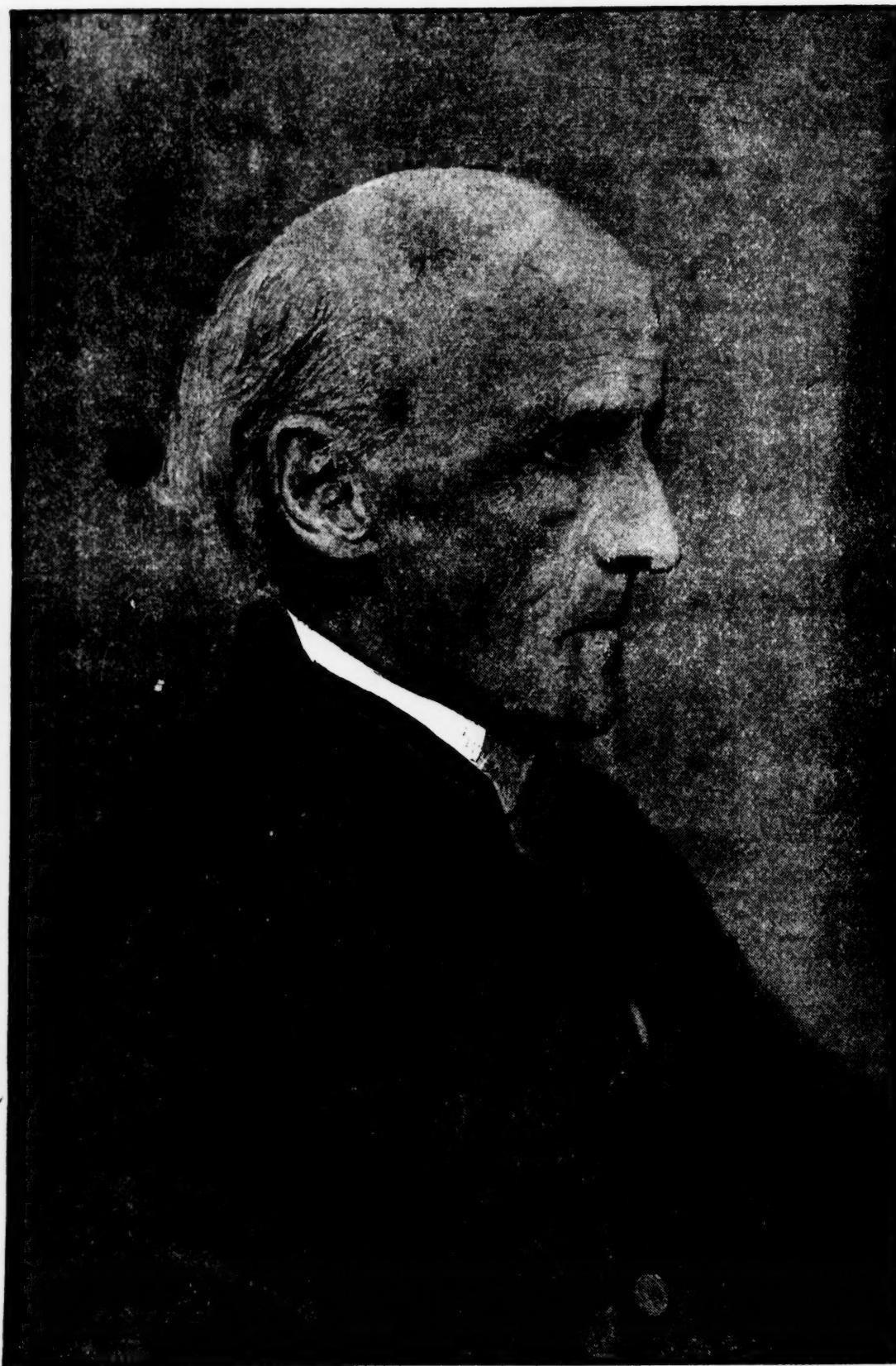
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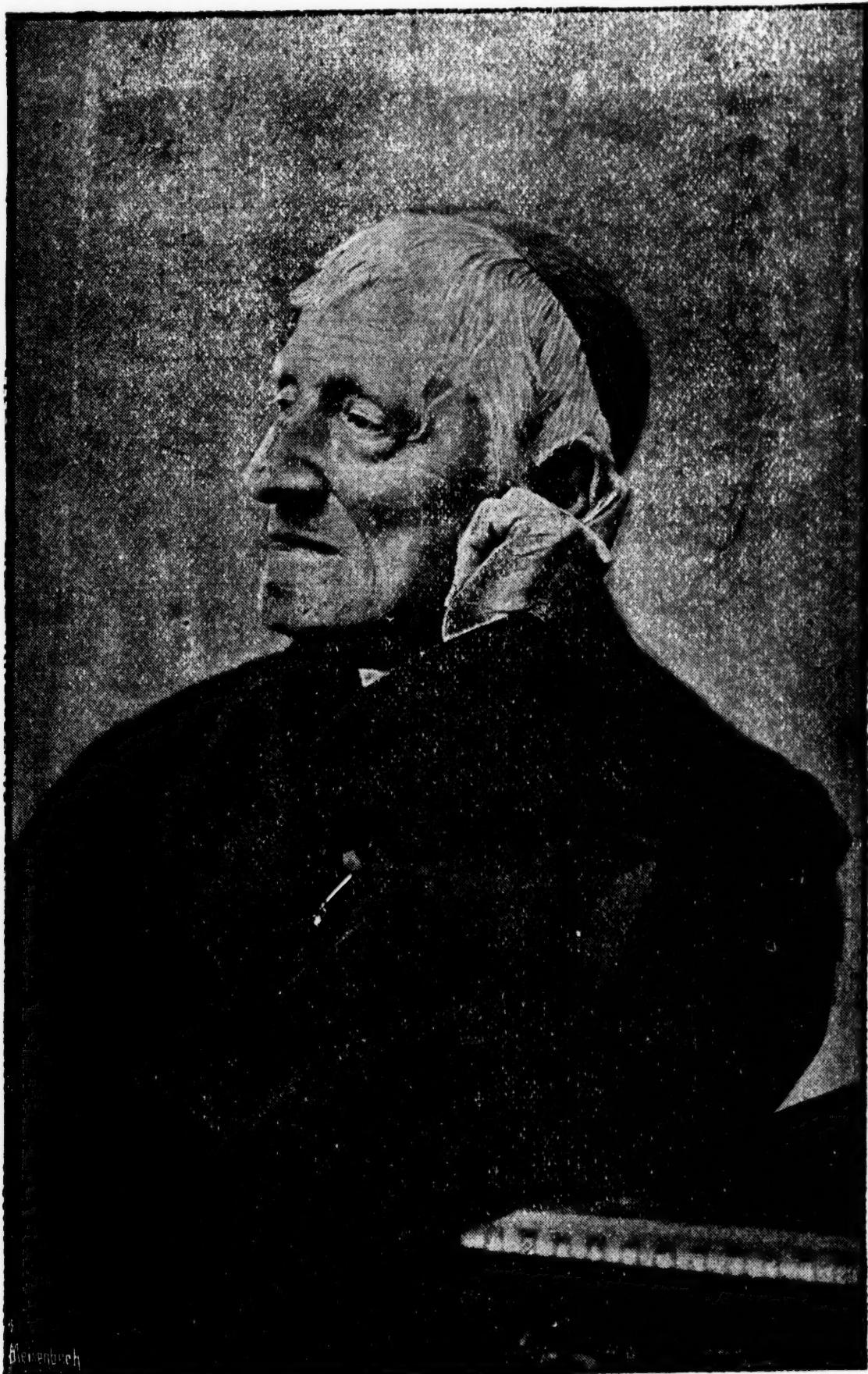
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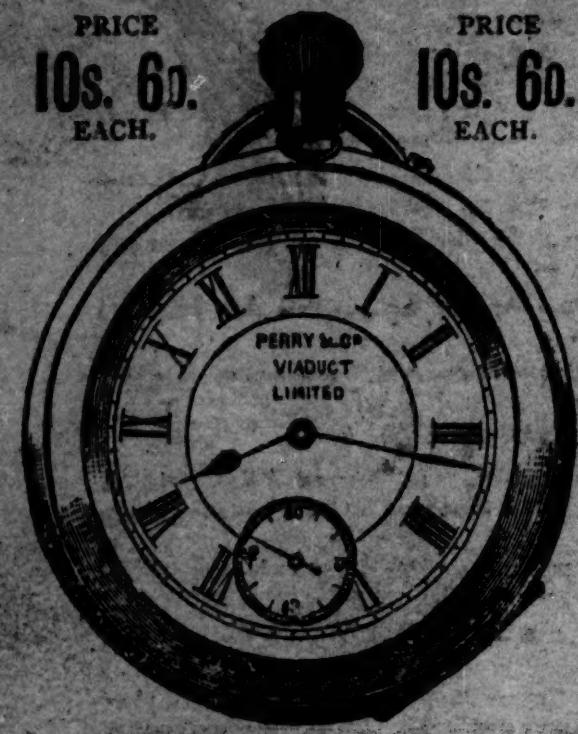
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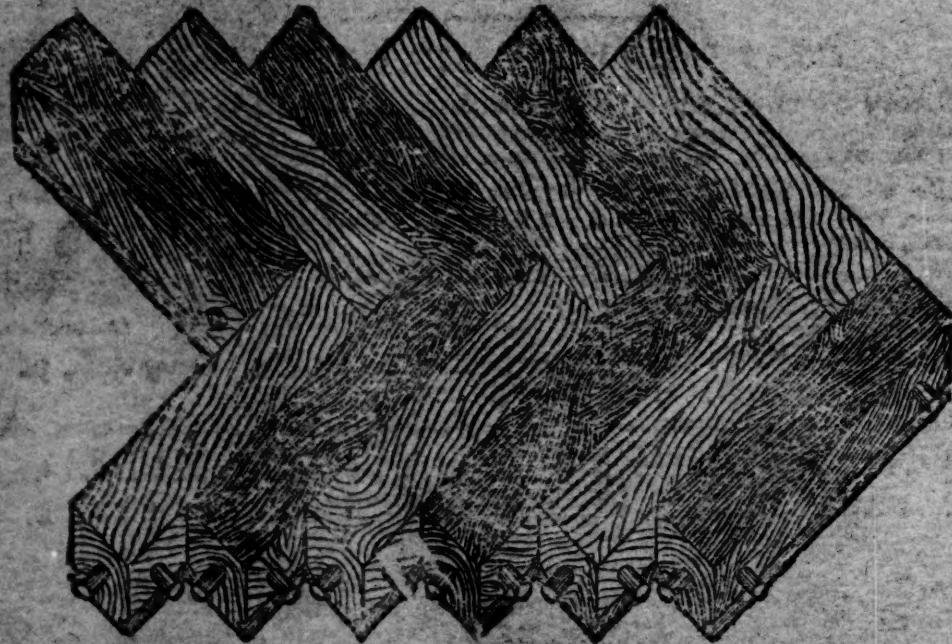
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